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By . . .

RODERICK LULL

THE BLUE STONE

In soft, honeyed tones, the pedlar extolled the beauty of the scarf.

BY the time the blue stone appeared, the problem of my sister's suitors was old. Kate is two years younger than I, far better-looking than the rest of the family.

She had so long a procession of suitors that I had forgotten the names and faces of the first ones. Finally the competition was narrowed down to Peter Ramsay and Shane Murphy and it was clear that the contest was coming to its end.

It had become a pitifully unequal contest.

They would sit around our house in the cool of the evening, while Ramsay talked to Kate. He was a good talker, an imposing man, with a fine air of confidence and just the beginning of a paunch.

And Shane Murphy, the shy young librarian, just stared at Kate with the eyes of a discouraged puppy and said less and less.

I used to upbraid him: "Look here, Shane, you let Peter Ramsay walk over you like a rug. How do you expect to get anywhere with an up-and-coming, ambitious girl like Kate?"

He'd just shake his head. "It's no good, George," he'd say. "I never did have any punch."

I told him that was nonsense. I mentioned the books he was planning to write some day. I said Kate had always been fond of him. They were words thrown to the wind.

"I guess I'm not a lucky man, George," he said.

"Luck! Great Scott!"

By the time Hallahan, the pedlar, showed up, the race seemed almost run. Kate hadn't given Ramsay an answer yet, but the time was obviously close, and Shane was more diffident than ever. He'd even given up an essay he'd planned to enter in a prize contest.

"I just haven't the heart for anything, George," he said.

The four of us were at my house the Sunday Hallahan, the pedlar, came by with his high-piled rig.

An old-fashioned pedlar is a curiosity these days, but Hallahan was one. He'd been a pedlar all his life, he liked being a pedlar, and he could see no reason why the passing fashions of the time should affect him.

He had the usual stock of drab things, like pots and pans, that people needed, and bright things, like fancy shawls, that people didn't need but wanted with their hearts. We were old friends, Hallahan and I, and I was always glad to see him.

I had left the house and was out in the yard, looking at the fishpond, when I heard the clattering of Hallahan's rig.

"Greetings," Hallahan said. "You're not looking as well as you did last year. I'm glad you're here because the other day I came on a book and——"

We talked for a time there near the fishpond. Then I went into the cottage and called the others out.

My sister bought a large scarf at some ridiculous price after Hallahan, in blarneying tones, extolled its beauty. Shane bought a tattered volume of Irish verse that Hallahan swore he'd brought over himself from the old country in better days.

"I've nothing much this trip," Hallahan said at length. "Just the old things that go year in and year out. But I have this." He reached into a small box and came up with a rough blue stone, an inch or so across.

We all stared at it. It didn't look like much, just the kind of stone you might find in any stream bed, and my sister said so.

Hallahan nodded. "It does that," he said softly. "And maybe it is—I don't pretend to know. But it's supposed to be a lucky stone."

Behind me, Ramsay snorted. Hallahan looked at him, very briefly. "It came from India, I'm told. And maybe that's a fiction and maybe it's the truth, and who can say for sure?"

Shane took the stone and turned it over. A man whose specialty is Irish folklore is a lover of legend and he looked at it with interest. "I know," he said. "A wishing stone. A thing like a monkey's paw."

"No," Hallahan said. "Not that. I'm told this stone will bring luck to certain people—certain people only, mind you. Even then it won't do all the work by itself. Not by any means, sir—it isn't, so to say, the saviour of the spineless. It just sort of helps things along when it gets the right co-operation."

Shane smiled. "A lucky piece," he said. "And clear from India. How much, Mr. Hallahan?"

Hallahan shook his head doubtfully.

"Who can place a value on a lucky piece, sir? It may be worth all, and it may be worth nothing. I'll tell you what I'll do. You take it, and if it doesn't work for you there's no harm done. And if it does—well, I'll be back in a season or so and we can talk it over then."

That was the way Shane got the lucky stone.

A week or two went by, and nothing changed. Nothing more was heard of the lucky stone, and one evening, dropping in on Shane at his boarding-house, I asked him about it.

"Oh, it's here." Shane opened a desk drawer and I noticed, approvingly, that he knew just where it was. "I can't say that it's done any good."

"Remember what Hallahan told you. It's not supposed to work by itself."

Shane smiled and picked up the little stone. "It would be good to be able to believe things like that. I suppose millions of people do."

I said, "Don't be superior. Curious things do happen. It never pays to be too sure."

He was still smiling, but there was a new interest in his eyes. "I'd like to see it, of course. But it's ridiculous. After all, George. How's Kate?"

"Fine. When I left the house she was getting ready to go out with Peter. She was looking very nice."

He said, "Oh," and rustled some papers on the desk, then picked up the stone again and dropped it with a little thud.

"I'll be going," I said. "Come over to-morrow night. Ramsay's going away, in connection with some very big business deal. He says it's a very big deal."

Shane looked sad. When I left his room he was playing with the stone, turning it over and over in his hands, examining it in detail.

Now, it wouldn't be right to say this lucky stone changed Shane all of a sudden, but he seemed more assured the next time he came to see us. More talkative. Of course, Ramsay's absence had something to do with that—there wasn't anybody holding the floor all the time.

Kate was nice to him, too. She smiled at him and made him welcome. And she didn't laugh when all his change spilled out on the floor through a hole in his pocket and the blue stone was among it. She just said it was fun to have a pocket piece like the stone, something with a real story to it.

One night Shane came over with a little stack of paper and hemmed and hawed around. Then said he'd been thinking he might send something in to the essay contest after all.

I said that was splendid, and we asked him to read it to us, and at the end of it Kate said warmly, "I think that's splendid, Shane. Just splendid."

His eyes were shining. "Do you really, Kate?"

"Of course I do, Shane."

"Then I better go home and start copying it. I haven't much time."

It was a fine cool night, and I walked a way with him. He said, "You know, George, it seemed to me Kate was pretty friendly to-night."

"She's always friendly with you Shane," I said, "but the truth is, she likes men who do things—men with some get-up-and-go. And when Ramsay comes back——"

"Oh, yes," he said, and I knew I'd stepped on his toes. "Yes. Ramsay. When is he coming back, George?"

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G. 12-11

The Blue Stone

Continued from page 3

SHANE forced himself to appear casual as he asked the question, so I replied in the same tone.

"He'll be back in a couple of weeks for sure—he wouldn't miss the opening of deer season. He never does. The fact is, he's asked Kate to go hunting with him the first day."

"Oh. I suppose he's quite a shot?"

"Fair," I said. "Fair to middling and maybe a trifle better than that. Why?"

"I was just wondering. I suppose Kate likes hunting."

I could practically see the thought forming inside his mind. He was trying to push himself out of his shell, and he was carrying that lucky blue stone around in his pocket.

"Of course she does, Shane. She grew up in the country, and it comes naturally to her. All the men she ever knew were good shots, so it's a thing she expects of a man. If you want to try, there's a good book in the library about it. And I could lend you a rifle. There's a big element of luck to hunting. A lucky man will beat a good man in the field every time. After all, finding something to shoot is where the luck comes in."

The next evening I took the rifle round to Shane, and I took him through the routine—holding, sighting, the trigger squeeze, tracking—half a dozen times. I kept my eye on him until he had a rough idea of what it was about.

I hoped, naturally, that Shane would turn out to be a born shot. He wasn't. Two weeks later when I took him out in the country I saw that it was going to be a long haul. In a reasonable length of time he might learn to hit a deer if it wasn't more than fifty yards away, if he didn't get nervous, if the wind was right, if luck was holding him by the hand—and if the deer was tethered.

"You're doing well," I said. "Though I'd pin more faith on that essay than your shooting. But as I said, if a man's lucky out hunting he's all right. Just you hang on to that stone."

He looked annoyed. "I wish you'd stop talking about that stone, George. After all, I'm not so childish as to have any faith in it."

I said, "Have you got the stone in your pocket, Shane? Or haven't you?"

He looked sheepish. And that was all there was to that conversation.

In due course, Ramsay reappeared. He brought Kate a very pretty set of dishes, which he said were for her hope chest. He laughed heartily, and Kate giggled.

Then he mentioned the coming deer season, and I got my lick in. "If you don't mind, Shane and I'll go along with you. I wasn't going out opening day this year, but Shane suggested it."

Ramsay laughed. "Shane? Does he know which end of a rifle the bullet comes out of? I don't want to be involved in any suicides."

"He might be quite a shot, Peter," I said. "You never know. I was thinking we might go to the Scoggins place."

He looked a little undecided. Old Man Scoggins has the best deer land in the district, but he won't let anybody shoot there except a few friends, and he and Ramsay had had a bit of trouble over a deal some time back. However, I offered to fix it, and did so next day.

Old Man Scoggins was very co-operative. He had no use for Peter Ramsay, but he liked me and was well disposed towards Shane.

The big news came three days before deer season opened. Shane had won second prize in the essay contest, and he was as excited as if it had been the Nobel Prize.

"That's fine, Shane," I said. "Have you told the paper yet?"

"No. It would seem like blowing my own horn. And it was only the second prize."

I made him go straight over, and I phoned the editor, just to make sure there'd be no slip-up. The paper comes out two days later with the story all over the front page. They ran Shane's picture, and the caption said it was a unique honor for anyone in our little town to win such a prize.

That night Kate gave a little party, with a cake she made herself, and a bottle of sherry. She praised Shane so much he blushed like a girl, and she didn't pay any attention to Ramsay's glumness.

Ramsay sat in a corner and smoked and grunted. The only time he really spoke up was when I said something about going hunting the next day. He laughed sarcastically and said Shane would be smarter if he stayed home and wrote some more essays, instead of playing around with anything as dangerous as a gun.

Shane didn't say anything, but he set his jaw and gave Ramsay a long, hard look. It was a look that said he meant business, and no fooling.

We got away at dawn in the morning and drove out to Scoggins' place. We'd decided that Shane and I would try the woods, while Peter and Kate kept to the meadows about the stream.

"You wouldn't want to make a little wager on it, would you?" Peter asked.

"Well," I said, "I wouldn't mind betting fifty we beat you." The supercilious way of him made my hackles rise.

"Done," he said. "You might as well pay me now." Shane looked at me as though I'd lost my mind.

We split up then, Kate and Ramsay going down towards the meadows, and Shane and I starting up into the timber. I led the way. We didn't see a thing for three hours. Just before eleven we came into a little glade near one corner of Scoggins' property, and there was Shane's buck.

It was a fine buck, and not over forty yards away. I took a quick look at Shane trying to bring his rifle to his shoulder. He had a green tinge to his face and I yelled, "Quick! Shoot!"

The buck broke for cover and Shane fired. There was the blast of the gun, followed by a tremendous silence. The glade was empty.

Shane looked at me. "I missed him," he said. "I missed that easy shot!"

We started across the glade when Old Man Scoggins' voice came up to us from below. "Hey," he yelled, "if you fellows want to come here you can have your buck."

Shane yelled like a maniac and tore through the woods. Two hundred yards away Old Man Scoggins was standing beside the dead buck.

"Neck shot," Old Man Scoggins said. "Nice shooting."

Shane just stood there with his eyes as big as soup plates. He said, "You mean I shot him?"

"Guess so," Old Man Scoggins said. "Nobody else fired a shot."

I thought Shane was going to pass out cold.

Then Old Man Scoggins said, "My boy's coming up this way with the truck later on. We'll bring him down for you."

Shane and I worked slowly back towards the meadows. I got one long running shot, but missed. When we finally reached Kate and Ramsay they were sitting on a log, looking tired, and Old Man Scoggins' truck was just coming along the little narrow road with Shane's buck in the back.

"What luck?" I said.

Ramsay made a very impolite sound. "There's no deer within miles of this place," he said. "I heard a couple of shots—you must have been practising on the trees."

The truck drove up and stopped. Old Man Scoggins got out.

"Here's your buck, Murphy," he said. "That head's worth taking to the taxidermist."

Ramsay jumped to his feet, ran to the truck, and looked at the buck, and when he swung around to face Shane his face was working. "You shot that?"

"Yes," Shane said. "Yes, I guess I did."

"Well, all I've got to say is that it must have been tied up so it couldn't move. And somebody must have aimed the rifle for you."

I wouldn't have thought Shane had it in him. He certainly wasn't a fighting man at heart. But I suppose some things will turn any man into a fighting man, especially when the right girl's around.

Shane took two quick steps forward and swung. It was a nice punch, straight and true to the button. And for the next ten minutes Peter Ramsay was with us in body only. He looked peaceful with his eyes closed.

Kate looked at Ramsay and then she looked at Shane, and said, "You know, Shane, I'd have socked him myself if you hadn't. He'd no right to say a thing like that."

Shane unclenched his right hand and the blue stone fell to the ground. He started. "I didn't remember I had it in my hand," he said slowly. "I was just sort of holding the stone, and then when he said that I got angry and——"

"No wonder he's out so prettily," I said. "We'll not mention the stone to him when he comes to. It serves him right anyway."

Kate picked the stone up and gave it to Shane. "Don't you go losing that," she said softly. Then they were looking at each other, and after a minute I knew they'd forgotten anybody else was around.

Kate and Shane got married a month later, and I was best man. It was a big wedding. Everybody in town came, except, of course, Peter Ramsay.

Months later, I was away on business for a week, and when I came back Kate cornered me. She said, "George, I found out something."

"Go ahead and tell me. I'm your brother, you know."

"Don't try to be funny. Old Man Scoggins got drunk, and he said you fixed it up with him to run all the deer out of his meadows and up into the woods that day. And he told how he shot a buck and had it waiting there, just the way you asked him to. Shane never even came close to that deer he shot. Probably it's running still."

I squirmed a little. "You know the things people say when they're drunk. Kate, and Shane might have winged his deer. You can't be sure."

"That isn't all of it, George."

"Well?"

"Mr. Hallahan came through yesterday. And I just happened to look in our old fishpond and noticed blue stones there like the one he gave Shane. So I wormed the truth out of him. He admitted you handed him the stone before the rest of us came out of the house that day, and asked him to put on that act."

I grinned at her. "Well," I said, "I didn't have anything to do with the essay. And, anyhow, it was a lucky stone. It proved that. A lucky stone can come from anywhere—even our old fishpond."

Kate put her hand on my arm. "It was a lucky stone, George," she said. "A very lucky stone."

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HAZEL

"Six-thirty sharp, folks, ha, ha, ha, and here we go again with a bright cheery good morning to each and every one of you, ha, ha, ha, ha! Everybody happy! Ha, ha, ha! Well, to start the day right, Wagner's Die Meistersinger—oops, sorry, ha, ha, ha, had you there—good ol' Ring singing . . ."

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Prima Donna

By LAURENCE KIRK

IT is a pity when a husband and wife begin to get scritchy with each other after twenty years of married life; but that is what happened to Helen and me in the year 1947. I think I know some of the reasons.

In one way, war is almost a blessing to people around the fifty mark, because they are in demand then. We had not liked the flying-bombs much, nor the ordinary ones, but we had been in the thick of it; and then suddenly in 1945 it was all over and we weren't wanted any more.

And then again we had not been blessed with those active, independent troubles known as children. We had some relations, of course, and even some nephews and nieces; but that was all very distant, and we were thrown back on our own resources in our little country town.

It seemed that we were entirely occupied in keeping ourselves alive, not very comfortably, to very little purpose.

These were the bigger reasons for our fretfulness, but, as usual, it was the smaller reasons that were really wearing us down. And the smallest and biggest of these was the continual washing-up. We were just sick of washing-up.

I don't know why we didn't do it on alternate days: I think it was because Helen did not quite trust me with the actual washing and only let me do the drying. Anyway, we used to stand there over the sink side by side, and we seemed to have less and less to say to each other.

We might, of course, have been thankful for a great many things. We might have been thankful that we had some dishes to wash; or that we had a sink and a tap which had hot water running out of it; or that the fat ration was still sufficient to make the plates somewhat greasy.

We might even have been thankful that we had survived the greatest ordeal in history and were free to leave the things dirty if we wanted to.

But somehow or another our thankfulness was at a low ebb, and we did not think of it in this way. All we did was to sigh from time to time and ask the other wearily: "Do you think we are ever going to get her?"

She was a mythical Hungarian girl we had been pursuing for twelve months. Dozens of forms had been filled in stating our age, our religion, our birthplace, not to mention the number of rooms in the house and whether it was on a bus route.

The tragedy was that for the first six months of the twelve the Hungarian Government had been panting to send Miss Varya Zlocnos to us.

It was not till we had wasted these six months in obtaining the import permit from our own Government that the Hungarians stopped panting, pulled down the iron curtain, and refused to answer any letters.

We had really given up the whole idea and were already starting to pursue a Pinn when the letter finally arrived. It stated that Miss Varya Zlocnos would arrive at the port of disembarkation at 15.30 hours on April 30, and that we would be responsible for her as soon as she had passed the immigration authorities.

The father of the Prodigal Son could not have been more happy than we were. We still had then a little petrol in the tank; and as we were not very far from the port of Dover, it was a simple matter to go and collect her.

The Channel steamer was just berthing as we reported to the immigration officer.

There we had to wait for a long time, so long that we had dreadful visions of some flaw in the documents and of our precious Varya going straight back across the Channel in the same steamer.

But at last she appeared with an official in charge. I had been rather afraid that she might be some glamor girl who would immediately gather all the young men of the town around her.

Well, I needn't have worried about that. She was a small but hefty wench, with a snub nose and freckles, and grey eyes which told you nothing at all. Her skirt was too long for her and her sleeves too short.

She would have looked right with a colored handkerchief over her head; but instead of that she had a hat, obviously bought with great care for the journey, and it sat up on the top of her head with a surprised look as though it wondered what it was doing there.

While I was signing a receipt for her, Helen tried to make herself pleasant by asking what kind of a journey she had had. The answer was a curious movement which I can only describe as a dip; it was a cross between a curtsy and a hiccup. But it did indicate in a roundabout way that the journey had not been too bad.

Having signed all the papers, I said we had better be getting along and prepared to pick up the bulging suitcase which was her only luggage. But that apparently was the wrong thing to do. There was another sharp, respectful dip, and she picked it up herself.

Helen was driving, so I put Varya in beside her and sat behind with the suitcase myself. In that position I was able to note that Varya did the dip even when she was sitting down. She did it every time that Helen spoke to her, and at last I leaned forward and asked:

"Varya, you do speak some English, don't you?"

This time there was a gulp as well as a dip. But she managed to answer: "Yessir, I speak."

From this memorable day Helen and I began to live luxuriously, but we were rather puzzled.

Varya showed a vast capacity for work and an equally vast incapacity for anything else; which was very different from the attitude of the normal girl of her age, which was stated on her papers to be twenty-two. It was a small house, but we thought there were enough arrears of cleaning and mending in it to keep her going for a month before she caught up.

ACTUALLY it was on the third day at two o'clock in the afternoon that Varya came and demanded more work. Helen told her that she was not intended to work all the time; that she had done very well indeed, and as it was a nice afternoon she had better go and take a walk round the town. But Varya did not look at all happy at that suggestion, and there was no peace until Helen went and found her more work to do.

This demand for more work continued on the following days, and it looked as though we would have to move into a larger house in order to keep Varya busy. She showed no sign of being unhappy with us; but also she showed no sign of being happy either; and I was afraid that the day would come when instead of coming and demanding more work she would come and say: "I no like. I go."

The dip, of course, went on all this time whenever we spoke to her, and the grey eyes remained as uncommunicative as the iron curtain. They registered nothing, and revealed nothing. The impersonal blankness of them made us wonder sometimes what kind of things those eyes had seen during the past six or seven years.

Meanwhile we cudgelled our brains to find some means of making her feel more at home. She would not go out by herself, and it was useless to try to find some girl-friend for her at this stage. So, in desperation, on the tenth day Helen herself firmly took her out to the cinema. But that was not a success.

It was one of those lavish films which had cost a million dollars and wasn't worth one. Varya sat through it without making a sound of any kind. And when, as they came out, Helen asked how she had enjoyed it, she dipped and said: "I no like."

Varya, singing with all her heart and soul, looked and seemed thoroughly happy.

On both of the next two days Helen told her that she must take some time off and get some air. This produced no result; and on the third day Helen walked resolutely into the kitchen.

"Have you been out for a walk yet, Varya?" she asked.

"No, Madam," Varya dipped as usual.

"Very well then," Helen said firmly. "You must put on your hat and come for a walk with my husband and myself. At once!"

I remembered Varya's hat.

"I think it will be sufficient," I added, "if Varya just puts a handkerchief over her hair."

Shortly afterwards we started off, with Varya like a prisoner between us. It was a lovely day and Helen and I are very proud of our old town.

It has the most beautiful tiled roofs, all at different angles; and the streets wind and wobble in a way of their own. There are three churches and innumerable pubs, all dating from early Tudor times. The Elizabethan and Georgian periods have added their best, and the result is a triumph of good taste and good workmanship over planning; of the past over the present.

We started off by going round the ramparts, which are known as the Butts. It is from there that one has the best view of the tiled roofs and the churches. Then we took her through some of the wobbling streets with their quaint names. Knightrider Street . . . and Luckboat Street . . . and Pondicherry Alley. We showed her the harbor, which is now a good three miles from the sea, and we were lucky enough to see a ship apparently coming across dry land up to it.

We got quite worked up, Helen and I, as we walked around pointing out to Varya its beauties and its quaintness and how it had preserved its identity for all these years. But, alas! it was only we who got worked up. Varya remained as stolid as ever. When it was all over, she dipped and thanked us and went back to the kitchen.

We were rather silent at dinner that night and afterwards while Varya was washing up. It seemed that we were up against a brick wall.

It was no good looking for a smile in our robot; we would have to be satisfied with her efficiency and just go on finding her more work to do. But then when we were reading, Helen suddenly cocked an ear and asked me: "What's that noise?"

I listened, listened for quite a long time, and then I answered.

"It's Varya singing."

So it was, and at the same time we realised that it was no noise, but a rich, melodious voice that seemed, to our untutored ears, better than average.

We hurried out to the kitchen. There, amid the washing up, Varya was singing with all her heart and soul, and, for the first time, she looked and seemed thoroughly happy. So this, we realised, was the thing she liked to do!

Please turn to page 10

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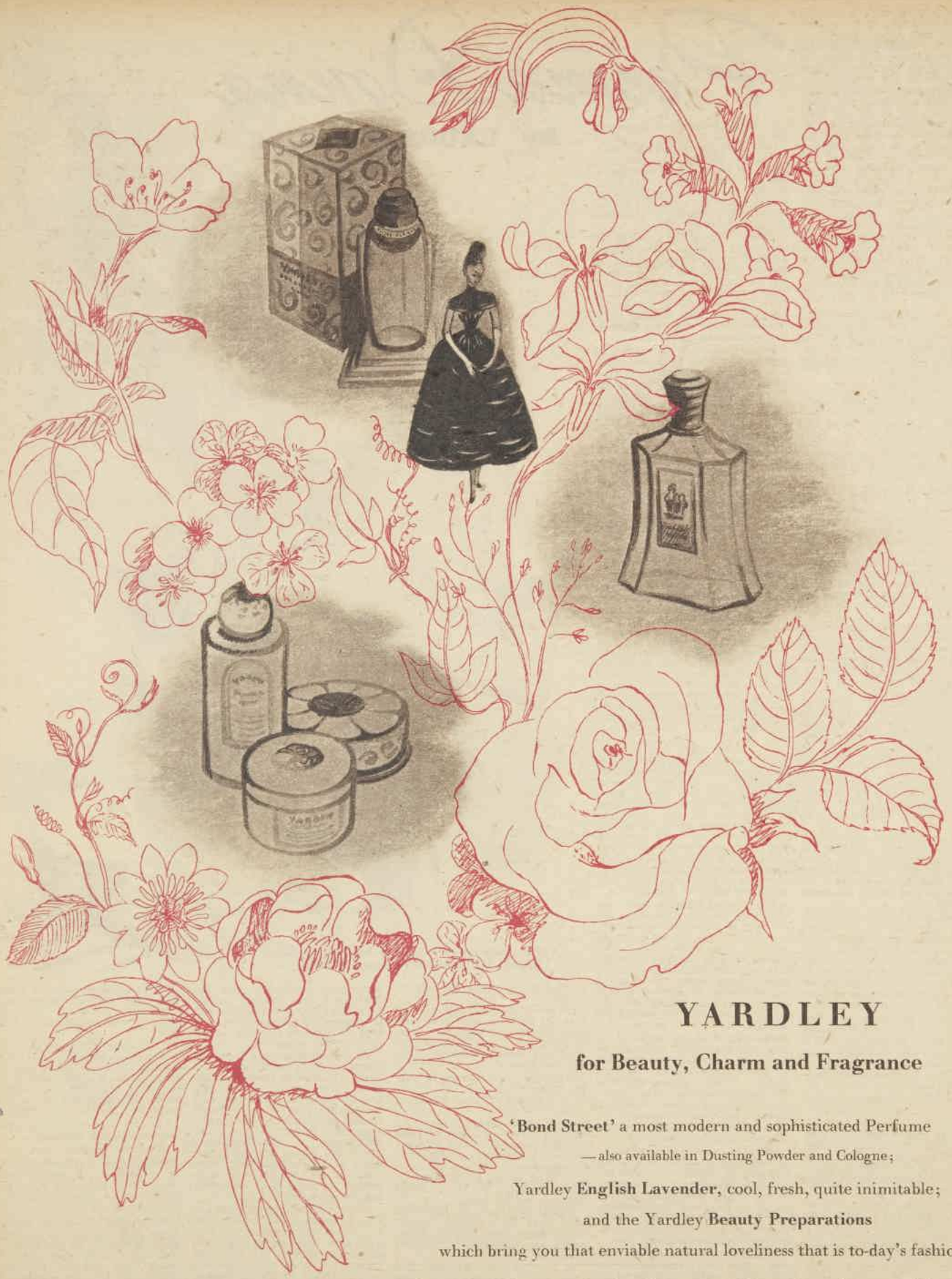

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THE CLIFFSIDE CASE

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With his glass, the Inspector checked the coins, then picked up one of them.

YES, "Smith" had been murdered. Somebody had hated—or feared—him, just as they had Lionel Honeyman, so they couldn't let him live any longer.

In the night, in the darkness, somebody had lifted his head from the pillow and held a glass to his lips, a glass that must have seemed to "Smith" to be the much-craved-for whisky.

Its action had been speedier, though. He had died at once. In this strange bed, in this strange place, he had gone out without a moment's foreknowledge.

Late that afternoon, as afternoon tea was being served in the big drawing-room at Cliffside, Inspector Grogan came in with his assistants.

He opened up in a voice that might have been reading a time-table with the facts that the man on the houseboat had been poisoned between the hours of midnight and two a.m., and he wanted to know what everyone had been doing, say, round midnight last night.

It was funny how soundly everyone seemed to have slept up at Cliffside last night. A girls' school couldn't have been more safely tucked away from trouble than Edgar Rutherford and his guests seemed to have been from eleven-thirty onwards.

Sunny answered at once: "Last night? Why, everyone went to bed early last night."

Grogan turned and looked at her. "Everyone, eh?"

"Yes. At eleven-thirty I went upstairs and all were in their rooms then."

"How do you know that?"

"Well, I went straight to bed myself and the house was absolutely quiet, all the doors closed and the lights off downstairs. Before I got into bed I just heard Dr. Barlow go down and knew he'd gone to see—to see—" Her voice blurred like a gramophone record that's got stuck.

"You knew he'd gone to see what?" Grogan shot at her.

She said faintly: "I knew that he'd gone to see if the poor man on Mr. Medley's houseboat was all right."

"The poor man on the houseboat? Oh, so you admit that last night you knew this man we were looking for was on the boat?"

"Ye . . . es."

"Who told you?"

As though involuntarily her eyes slid round to Fenella.

Fenella gave a harsh laugh.

"Yes, I told her. Elise Preston told me when we came back from our run on the bay in the launch. It was a great little secret that only all of us knew."

Edgar looked at Johnny.

Johnny looked at Edgar. But whatever Johnny did was right — in his own eyes, anyhow.

He said quickly: "Naturally I had to tell Elise before I ran up to the hospital to get the stuff I wanted. When she seemed surprised at my going I naturally didn't want her to think I had something on and was deceiving her."

Grogan looked round. "All right. I suppose everyone knew."

Owen nodded. "Yes, it seems we all heard about it last night."

Polly said to Edgar: "Sorry, Edgar, but I didn't actually promise I wouldn't tell Owen, did I?"

"Don't apologise." Edgar smiled.

Grogan looked round the circle of faces again and took in the group in the doorway, a separate constellation made up of Todd and the three women servants. He'd sent for them.

His eye came to rest on Todd. "What about you?"

"Me? You see, mister, it was like this—"

"Come on, come on, did you know this man was over there?"

"Well, I reckon nobody couldn't help knowin' there was somethin' goin' on at Medley's boat. He never used to be sendin' messages all the time to get Mr. Rutherford across, if you know what I mean."

Medley came in just then. Grogan had sent for him, too, but no one would have guessed he was under any compulsion from the way he strolled in, bowed over Sunny's hand and nodded to the others.

He had a shirt on now, and long trousers. They made him look overdressed, taken with the fact that he'd wetted and brushed his thin straight hair.

He paused behind the tea-tray. "Tea, eh? Very nice," and waved Grogan on: "Go ahead, Inspector." Fenella lifted the teapot. "Thanks, I should like a cup. No milk, but three lumps."

Grogan asked Sunny: "You heard Dr. Barlow go out—what time did he come back?"

"Oh, I really couldn't say, I think I went to sleep."

Johnny said: "I was back by a quarter to twelve. It only takes a minute or two to walk down there and back."

His eyes dropped to the expensive infallible watch that Elise had given him for Christmas.

Edgar related now that after Johnny and he had come back from the houseboat before ten he had gone straight to his room and hadn't left it till morning.

Rita told that she'd been in bed at ten-thirty; Agnes had gone at eleven-thirty, and Mrs. Voss said she'd gone at the same time.

As Grogan's eyes rested on Mrs. Voss she corrected herself quickly. She wasn't taking any chances with the police.

"No, I am wrong," she said. It was just a little later. It was fifteen minutes to twelve when I turned out the kitchen light and went. Agnes had washed our cups. I hang the towels to dry on the drier, I wind the clock, I put the milk back in the refrigerator. My kitchen and pantry are as I always leave them, tidy, spotless."

Suddenly, something seemed to strike her, and when an idea that wasn't for a soup or a sauce struck Mrs. Voss, no one could help knowing it.

She said dramatically: "But wait! Someone went to my pantry after that because this morning there is a lemon-squeezer on the bench, and a lemon that has been cut. Also, a glass is gone."

As Polly heard the words the whole damning appearance of them surged up in front of her.

But she couldn't keep silent. In a toneless voice she told that, not able to sleep, she had gone downstairs round about midnight and squeezed that drink.

As she spoke she saw the malice, the triumph on the faces round her. She saw the surprise on Owen's as he turned to look at her. Oh, what a fool she had been not to wash that squeezer and replace the glass!

Learning a lesson from her earlier mistake, that half the truth about one's movements was worse than none, she explained that she'd seen Edgar's light and gone along to his room with her whisky and lemon. "That was so, wasn't it, Edgar?"

Edgar confirmed it promptly. Yes, that was so—they'd had a drink and a chat together.

Grogan said sourly: "That garden-room of yours is handy, isn't it? It's been everybody's alibi."

"You mean—"

"Yes, Mrs. Honeyman. I mean, you left this house with a glass at midnight. You say it was only a whisky toddy. You say you went to Mr. Rutherford's room. He says so, too. But what's that worth? As Dr. Barlow just said—it's not a minute down to the beach."

He was standing in front of Polly, looking down at her.

She leant back, looking up at him, her long olive-tinted arms along the arms of the chair. Protests seemed childish now.

Grogan went on: "That dinghy's beached very convenient. Anyone could float it easily and take it across. Medley says he was asleep. If that's so this person could have got on board without him hearing and gone down to the cabin."

He turned to Medley. "Was there a light in there?"

Medley had his cup to his lips. He swallowed the tea down before he answered, with the perfect compromise: "Yes and no. Light of a kind. The lamp was on in the saloon. It threw a small gleam into the cabin."

"Just enough to let this person step inside, pour the poisoned drink into the invalid's glass, come up to him, lift his head, and hold the glass to his lips. The sick man takes it willingly. He's been drowsing, waiting, hoping to get a whisky. The whole thing's over in a minute and the person that did it back in bed within ten minutes, anyhow. See what I mean?" He was still speaking to Polly.

She nodded, her thick-fringed grey eyes lifted to his. Could this healthy, sane-looking man really believe she'd been capable of all this?

She said: "Yes, Inspector, it sounds very reasonable, but— The way my husband lived, there must have been people who thought he'd treated them unfairly, people who hated him. Couldn't this man have been one of them? Couldn't he have shot Lionel, and then feeling low, worried, guilty, taken this poison himself?

"He might have had it by him, mightn't he? Apparently lots of people before committing a crime keep something of the sort handy, something sure and quick."

Grogan said crisply: "No, he couldn't've. Somebody gave him this stuff. The glass with the dregs in it certainly only had his prints on it, but the person who gave it to him was careless in a different way." He spaced his words like even blows from a hammer.

"They'd put the glass down just an inch or two out of the dead man's reach! See? We know he swallowed it lying there because its action was too quick to let him get back into that position if he'd taken it himself, standing, or sitting on the edge of the bunk."

He concluded, with heavy emphasis, "No, it wasn't suicide. 'Smith' didn't shoot Honeyman, but I reckon he was somewhere around the hillside that night and saw who did. Mr. Medley says he took him on board at nine-thirty, but he won't swear to the exact time." He turned as a constable entered.

The man came up to him and said a sergeant wanted to see him, and Grogan went out, pulling the door shut behind him.

He was a long time out there—five minutes—ten—Polly couldn't tell, it seemed to be a lifetime. She began to know that something fresh had happened. She sensed, with bitter sureness, crisis, danger.

When at length Grogan opened the door again, he came to the point without any pleasant preliminaries this time, speaking first to Polly: "Have you got any money on you?"

She looked up in surprise. "Money? No. Not on me." She was wearing a pencil-slim frock of fine white linen with no pockets.

"You haven't?" He turned to Fenella. "What about you?"

She put the teapot back on the tray. She looked every bit as cool as the cucumber sandwiches. "No, I don't carry money about with me in the house."

"Nothing at all?"

"Would you care to look?" Standing up she pulled the pockets of her shorts inside out and smiled at him.

By MARGOT NEVILLE

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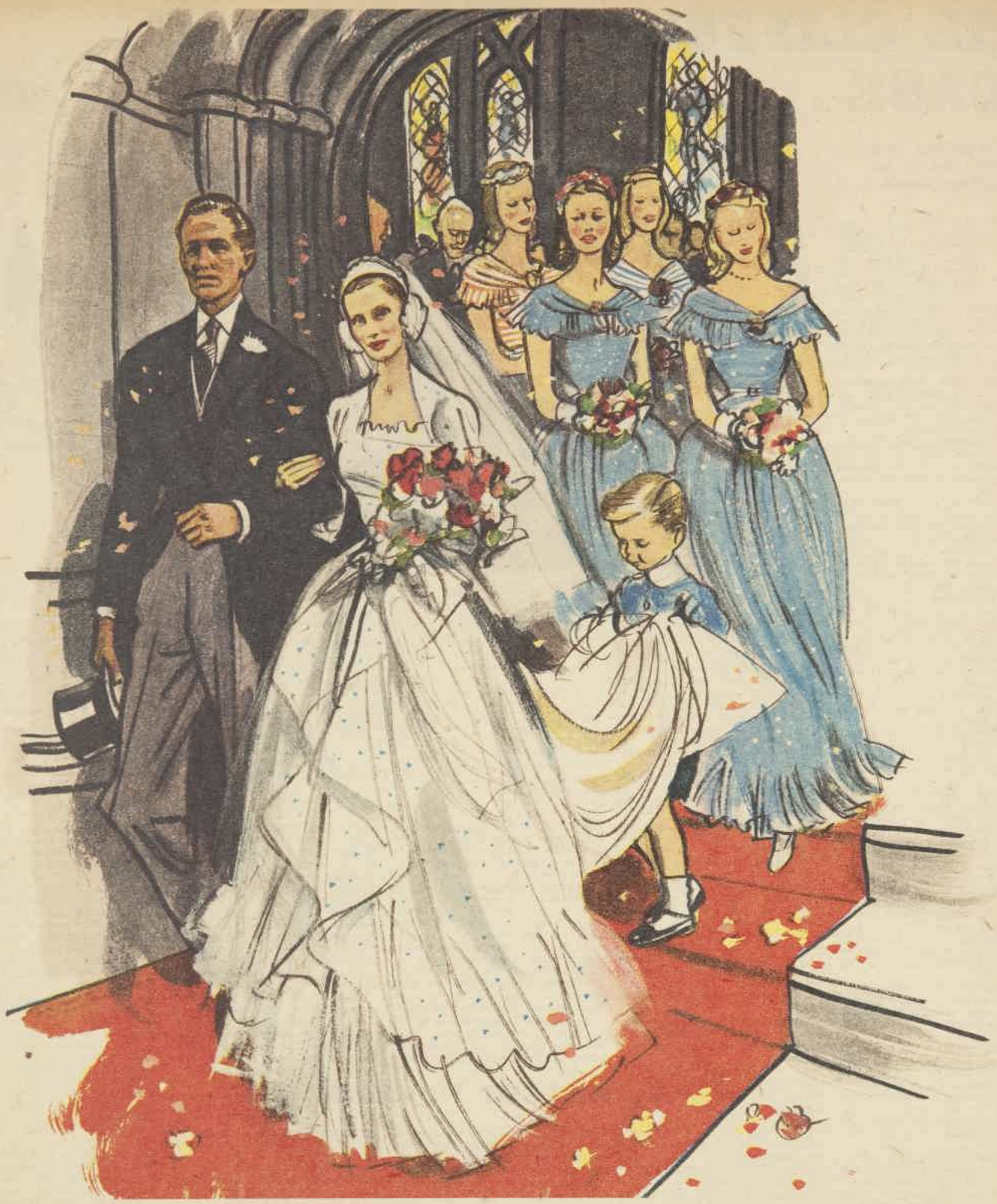

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"You must keep your balance," Pearl said agitatedly, as I dropped the paddle.

We want Mc Bride

By MAX SHULMAN

I FIRST saw her in Professor Pomfritt's political science class. In a sweater. When the class was over, I came up to her. "I'll get right to the point," I said. "You're the most beautiful girl I ever saw. I love you."

"You kill me," she said.

"Take me out to meet your folks," I said.

"I'm living with my uncle."

"Take me to meet him."

"He won't like you."

"He'll like me."

"You don't know my uncle."

"I know this: He must be beautiful to have such a beautiful niece."

"You have rocks in your head," she said.

"I have a convertible, too. Let's go."

We went. We parked down by the river-bank for a couple of hours. Then she said, "My name is Pearl McBride."

"How do you do?" I said. "I'm Spencer Hazen."

"How do you do?" she said. "What time is it?"

"A quarter to seven."

"Holy smoke. I'm late for dinner. Get me home quick, Spencer. The last time a boy brought me home late for dinner my uncle tore off a garage door and broke it over his head."

"Listen," I said, speeding away. "When I get in front of your house, I'll slow down and you jump off."

"Nonsense. You're coming in to meet my uncle. Unless you endear yourself to my uncle, our romance will never blossom. He's really not so tough. He's a pushover for flattery. Give him some."

"About what?" I asked.

"He's in the construction business. Talk about that."

"I don't know anything about construction."

"Then talk politics to him," Pearl suggested. "His ambition is to be governor."

"A commendable ambition. What are his qualifications?"

"A strong handshake," she said.

"Anything else?"

"He smokes cigars and he talks loud."

We pulled up in front of her house, a six-story concrete bunker. "My uncle had some cement left over from a dam he built," she explained.

She began leading the way up the path. "Don't forget. Flatter him."

The front door opened, and out came a livid man about eight feet tall. "Where have you been?" he thundered.

"This is Spencer Hazen," said Pearl. "My uncle, Emmett McBride."

I extended a panicky hand. "I am proud, sir," I squeaked, "to meet the next governor of our State."

For a moment he stared at me. Then his hard red face relaxed into a soft red face. He gave my hand a cartilage-mashing shake. "Come in," he rumbled; "come in."

"You're doing fine," Pearl whispered as we entered.

"Pearl," said McBride, "why haven't you had Spencer over here before?"

"We just met this afternoon," said Pearl, "in a political science class. Spencer thinks politics is the highest pursuit of man, don't you, Spencer?"

"Except maybe construction," I replied.

Pearl beamed. McBride beamed. I beamed.

"Sit down, Spencer," McBride invited. "Do you smoke cigars?"

"No, sir," I said, "but I admire a man who does."

He lit a cigar the size of my forearm. "Now, what's all this talk about my being governor?"

"It's all over town, sir."

"Really?"

"Now, don't pretend," I smiled, "that you haven't heard about it."

He chuckled. "Well," he admitted, "I know that some of my many friends have been talking about it, but I haven't given them any encouragement."

A note of alarm came into my voice. "Sir, you will accept the nomination, won't you?"

"Well, I don't know," he said, dropping a mound of ashes on his vest.

"You have to," I cried. "It's your duty to the people. To-day, as never before, the people need leadership. Say you'll accept, Mr. McBride. Say you will."

"Yes," he said simply.

"Perhaps," said Pearl, twinkling, "Spencer will stay for dinner."

"Of course he will," McBride declared. "Pearl, go tell cook to set an extra place."

Pearl danced merrily into the kitchen.

"I'd offer you a drink," said McBride, "but I don't keep liquor in the house."

"Oh, that's all right," I said, noticing six bottles of whisky through the half-open door of a cabinet.

We sat down to a long and elaborate meal, after which I asked McBride whether I could take Pearl out for a little while.

"Of course, son," he beamed, "but be careful with my little girl. Be sure to have Pearl home by ten. Or else," he chuckled, "I will drive you into the ground like a wicket."

I saw him lumbering toward the whisky as we left. In the car Pearl said, "Now, that wasn't so hard, was it?"

"No," I answered, "but, just the same, I'm going to get you home by ten. No sense crowding our luck."

"All right, dear. What shall we do?"

"How about a movie?" I headed the car toward the nearest picture theatre. "To-morrow night," I suggested, "let's go canoeing. And Friday night we'll go dancing."

"What about Saturday night?" she asked.

"By then," I said, "you will love me madly and we can start spending evenings at your house."

"Terrific," she said.

I took her hand. She smiled. I smiled back. Our eyes met. The car ran ran up on the sidewalk and into a barbershop . . .

At 11.35 Pearl and I limped up to her house. She had a few yards of tape on her head. I was uninjured except for a couple of criminal actions pending against me.

McBride came bounding out the door. "What happened?" he roared.

"Flatter him," Pearl whispered, and ducked into the house.

"What happened?" repeated McBride, grabbing a handful of my shirt and holding me out at arm's length.

"Oh, sir," I cried. "I can hardly wait until you're governor. The roads in this State are deplorable. What we need is a governor who is also an expert in construction."

He put me down slowly. "What happened?" he asked again.

"You should have seen that disgraceful hole right in the middle of the street," I said. "We'd have both been killed if I hadn't had the presence of mind to drive into a nearby barbershop. Oh, how I wish it was next fall and you were in office."

"Spencer," he said, "you must be more careful with Pearl. If anything like this ever happens again, I'll——"

"Yes, sir," I interrupted quickly. "I'll be very careful. Good night."

The next night in the canoe, the water lapping softly on the gunwales, the moon bright on Pearl's face, she said, "You are a genius. What a talent for handling people!"

"I've got another talent, too," I said.

"What?"

"I can tell time. Pearl, it's 9.35."

"We'll go in a minute, Spencer. Now lean back."

"Pearl, we'd better leave now."

"Just a few seconds more."

"Well, just a few seconds."

In just a few seconds it was 9.50 and I was frantic. "We'll never make it," I wailed.

"Don't be silly," she said. "We'll make it if you hurry. Stand up to paddle."

"Stand up?" I asked, aghast. "But you're not supposed to stand up in a canoe."

"A myth," she said lightly. "Indians did it all the time."

I got up shakily. "I'll tip over the canoe," I said.

"Nonsense," said Pearl. The canoe began to tip. "You must keep your balance," she said agitatedly, as I dropped the paddle and the canoe tipped over.

It was a little after midnight when I brought Pearl home. "Good luck," she sneezed as Uncle Emmett appeared in the doorway.

Please turn to page 29

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The Cliffside Case

Continued from page 7

ELISE'S turn came next, and she protested volubly. No, she hadn't any money, but what had it to do with them? What did they want it for anyhow?

Grogan cut her short. He was asking all the questions at present, he told her.

Sunny carried a bag. As Grogan stopped in front of her her hand fell on it, her fat white fingers began to twiddle with the clasp nervously.

He said: "You carry a bag, Miss Elliot. What've you got in it?"

"Nothing," she wheezed. "Only my powder-puff and——"

Grogan stooped and took it off her lap. It was a large bag of black shirred silk, rather shabby.

He turned all Sunny's little things out on the table beside her cup of cooling tea. As she said, there wasn't any money in it, only a handkerchief, a powder-puff, a mirror, some hairpins, a small notebook with an end of pencil, her most recent correspondence, and three caramels wrapped in paper.

She watched him indignantly as he went through the stuff, pushing into inner pockets and opening compartments.

"I don't know what it's all about, but I told you there was nothing there—no money. There's nothing sacred now, it seems. I keep my money in the desk in my sitting-room, if you want to know."

"Yes, I know, they'll find it."

A tremor ran through the room, a kind of movement that spoke apprehension as plainly as it could be said without words.

The Inspector put the things back in the bag and returned it to Sunny.

Johnny didn't wait to be asked. He came up to the table and emptied his pockets on it.

Grogan handed him back the pigskin wallet of notes and spread the coins out separately, examining each one carefully with a magnifying-glass.

It took him quite a while. The silence in the room was unpleasant.

Manning stood expressionless and the young constable taking notes looked all too intelligently efficient.

Grogan finished his close inspection, swept up the money and handed it back to Johnny.

"Mr. Shelton?" He turned to Owen.

Owen shelled out, too, without comment.

There was quite a spread of silver from his pocket, mostly shillings and two-shilling pieces. The Inspector went over three with his glass, then he picked up a fourth, a florin. He carried it over to the window to the strong light, examined it again, and came back.

"This is what I'm looking for," he said. "You can take back the rest."

Owen came forward and swept the handful of silver off the table and dropped it back into his pocket. He said dryly: "I don't know what you're looking for or what you've found, but I'm glad you're pleased. It's high time somebody around here was pleased."

Grogan said: "I'll tell you why I'm pleased. This man on the houseboat was poisoned. Cyanide, he was given. Now, it's often hard to trace where people get the poison in a poison case, but this time it's been easy. Over in Mr. Rutherford's room there's a tin of stuff on his desk."

"My rat poison?" Edgar looked up quickly.

"Yes, that's the stuff he was given. It got more than rats last night."

The mention of the tin brought Todd to life, too. He put in unprompted: "Look, mister, that tin wasn't opened."

"Wasn't it? What makes you think that?"

"Because Mr. Rutherford he left it there for me. On'y a few days ago he says to me to fix a bait for the rats, but I was busy like and didn't happen to do it that day. Then when me finger got bad Miss Elliot says not to bother. That tin's never ever been touched."

"Oh?" Grogan walked across and tapped him on the chest. "How do your fingerprints come to be on it then, as well as Mr. Rutherford's?"

Todd backed right up against the door, stammering and shuffling. "Eh? Oh well, I might've touched it . . . just . . . thinking I was goin' to use it. But it wasn't open and I didn't want to bust me finger gettin' the top off."

Grogan walked back. "Yes, that tin's got one of those lids sunk in the top of it, like a treacle tin. To open it someone edged round the lid with a coin. They spilled out some of the crystals—plenty, the doctor says—and rammed the lid down tight again.

"When we examined the tin it looked as if there'd been a good bit of resistance getting the lid off, and the chances were the coin'd have the marks on it, too. It has. This two-bob piece we found in Mr. Shelton's pocket." He held it up.

Frantic sickening thoughts were flying through Polly's head. She saw how the case was being built up—motive first, the commonplace triangle, with Owen opening the tin and getting the poison and her administering it.

But a coin? What kind of evidence could that be? A coin that was everybody's and nobody's, that was always changing hands.

She got up, speaking her thought aloud: "But a coin? You can get that anywhere, from anyone, in a shop, change or something."

"You can't in this circle, Mrs. Honeyman." Grogan looked at her coolly. "There wasn't any gambling last night, was there?" He looked around. Not a head was nodded or a voice raised.

"No, and I don't suppose there's been much shopping done since last night, which, people claim, was the first time they knew this man was on the houseboat."

Owen said: "Well, I'm afraid you suppose wrongly, Inspector. This'll be a big disappointment for you, but I think I can take it."

Polly knew from the ring in his voice that he was angry. There was a warmth, too, burning under his tanned skin. And suddenly she remembered what he'd remembered! She knew what he was going to say.

"You mightn't call it shopping, of course," he said, "but for this purpose a milk-shake is as good as a suit of clothes."

He smiled, enjoying himself now, and went on: "This morning Mrs. Honeyman and I strolled down to the little cafe by the wharf and we had a malted milk each. That's so, isn't it, Polly?"

She smiled back at him: "That's so. I had chocolate and you had caramel."

"Quite. I daresay the girl at the place would remember. The point is—yes, this is certainly the point, the one, I mean, you won't like — that when I went to pay for our drinks I found I had nothing smaller than a pound note.

"The girl looked at it and said, 'Haven't you got anything smaller than that? I'm short of silver.' And I said no, I was sorry, I hadn't. So she changed my pound and gave me this—" he rattled the money in his pocket—"and that—" he pointed to the florin in Grogan's hand.

"I think that lets me out, since that tin can't have been prised open later than last night and I only came into possession of the two-bob that did it this morning. Someone else from this circle must have been down at the milk-bar before me."

Grogan nodded curtly, non-committally. He stepped outside into the hall, called a constable, and told him to go down to the wharf and get the girl at the milk-bar to step up here —tell her to come smartly, he wouldn't keep her long.

Inside they waited restlessly. Sunny's fan waved, she sighed and fidgeted. Medley poured himself another cup of tea, placidly serious. Someone lit a cigarette . . . someone walked to the window and threw out a butt . . . no one spoke.

Please turn to page 13

Prima Donna

Continued from page 5

THEN we heard the full story. Varya, it appeared, had been thought to have quite a promising voice as a girl. It had been her dream and her parents' dream that she might some day train for opera, but then the war had come, and everything, she declared with a flat voice and a pitiful little shrug, had been ended.

She still would love to sing, but assured us, with the usual dip, that if it bothered us she would cease to do it.

Naturally, we gave her every encouragement to continue, and took to inviting her to sing whenever we had guests. Then, as time went on and our various guests waxed more and more enthusiastic, we realised that we must find out if Varya's voice was really as good as we all thought it was.

If we really had a prima donna in the kitchen we knew we had no right to keep her there.

So as soon as we heard that Bancroft Crayne was down staying at the hotel we asked him in to dinner. Bancroft was a great mountain of man with stupendous energy. He was also an authority on all the arts. He could tell us, if anyone could.

We told Varya what songs we wanted her to sing that night. And we got a chicken and some wine for Bancroft so that he would be predisposed to agree with us.

After dinner we gave him our largest and safest and most comfortable chair and waited anxiously for Varya to begin. And when she did begin he sat there with his eyes half shut as though he were in pain. It was not till the third song that he started up and began to pace the room like a large tiger in a small cage.

Our confidence was fast oozing by then.

After the fourth and last item Bancroft struck a dramatic attitude in the middle of the room.

"That voice," he said loudly, "has almost everything wrong with it that a voice can have. It's not trained. It's produced in the wrong way. So far from filling a concert-hall, it isn't big enough for a bathroom. As for Covent Garden, even prima donnas need some looks. Not snub noses and freckles!"

"Then she's no good?" Helen's tone had regret, but also an accent of relief in it.

"What do you mean—no good?" Bancroft answered violently. "She's superb, magnificent. The voice may be all wrong technically, but it just makes your heart turn over . . . Can I take her up to-morrow?"

"Where?" I asked blankly.

"Why, to the B.B.C., of course. With the microphone the smallness of her voice doesn't matter, and you can't see her. It's just what we've all been waiting for. I must take her up to-morrow."

Helen looked at me and I looked at Helen. Bancroft struck an even more dramatic attitude and went on passionately.

"I know what it is," he said. "It's Ruth amid the alien corn. That's what it is. Ruth amid the alien corn. Singing!"

That is how we got our Varya, and that is how we lost her. It was three weeks before her voice first came over the wireless; and when it did it was in the evening, and Helen and I were in the kitchen, washing-up. It was curious that the B.B.C. should have selected that time of the day; but they did, and they continue to do so. Every Tuesday and Friday now, Helen and I are in the kitchen when Varya begins.

It only goes on for a quarter of an hour; and for that quarter of an hour Helen stops washing and I stop drying; and we stand there spellbound by the sink, each with a plate in our hand. And when it is over, we come to life again and finish the washing-up quite thankfully.

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BE COOL . . . *in cotton*

● Yellow organdie is made with flared skirt and tucked bodice, tight and tiny. Clusters of flowers cling to the narrow halter strap, matching shawl is draped round shoulders.

● Top of black linen with off-the-shoulder cuff neckline and matching cuff peplum is worn with a circular skirt of black-and-pink plaid gingham on a white ground.

● Organdie outlines wide neckline and very full hemline of this fine blue-and-white check gingham. Sash is of fine red-and-white check gingham.

● Three shades of green spotted fine cotton are used for this lovely dance frock. The brief bodice is outlined with a becoming frill and the tiers of the skirt drop deeply at the back.

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Interesting People

MISS MABEL HOWARD

. . . Minister of Health

FIRST woman to hold Cabinet rank in New Zealand Government is able, energetic Miss Mabel Howard, Minister of Health. She has followed her father's footsteps by succeeding him as secretary of the General Laborers' Union headquarters in Christchurch and by taking his seat in Parliament after his death. Says: "Health is a good portfolio for the only woman in the Cabinet. I find women bring their problems to me very readily."

MR. MARTIN BOYD

. . . Australian novelist

DESCENDANT of Victorian pioneer family, Mr. Martin Boyd is author of novel "Lucinda Brayford," hailed by noted English critic, Richard Church, as one of the century's three greatest novels. It has been translated into Swedish, Danish, Norwegian. His previous book, "The Montforts," published in 1927, won Australian Literary Society Gold Medal. He has made home again in Victoria after living in England since 1921.

MISS HELEN BENBOW

. . . women in Toc H

AFTER 18 months in Australia, Miss Helen Benbow, organising secretary Toc H Women's Section, goes to New Zealand early in New Year and then back to England. She has started Toc H Women's Sections in Tasmania and Victoria while here. Miss Benbow plans to train an Australian in England for a year for post of organising secretary of Toc H Women's Sections in Australia. Australian members of Toc H help a leper colony in Malaya with gifts.

The Cliffside Case

Continued from page 10

WHEN Grogan came back into the room he didn't look as though Owen's information had put him out much. He said: "Well, who else was down at that milk-bar this morning?"

Sunny spoke faintly: "Why . . . I —I was down there this morning."

"What for?"

"I went to buy a few chocolates."

"See anyone from the house down there?"

"No."

"What time was it?"

"Oh, I really couldn't say."

"Well, you'd better try to. Was it ten? Eleven?"

"Between that, I'd say."

"What'd you want chocolates for at that time of the morning? You'd just had breakfast, hadn't you?—bacon and eggs, porridge, maybe."

"Yes, but—I don't mean I wanted to eat them just then. I mean, it's Saturday—the school children get in and buy all the chocolates if you don't get there early."

Manning looked across at her disgustedly. Could you beat it, he thought. With all the food in the world, doing poor little kids out of their lollies!

Grogan asked Sunny: "What did they cost you, these chocolates?"

"They were—I got two shillingsworth."

"Did you give her the exact money?"

"Ye . . . es, I think I did."

Rita, from the door, spoke suddenly. "Pardon me," she said primly, "I'd like to remind Miss Elliot that she got a two-shilling piece this morning from Mr. Rutherford."

There wasn't a split second before Edgar said: "Yes, so she did. I remember now—this morning. Rita was dusting my room and Miss Elliot came to the door and borrowed a couple of shillings from me. She said she'd left her purse upstairs and was just going down to the milk-bar to get something or other."

"Then it was your coin she spent there?"

"Yes, apparently. But it hadn't opened any tin of poison, not while I had it, anyhow."

"Do either of you recollect the time?"

But neither of them did. It was during the morning, that was all they'd say.

Grogan asked Edgar: "Did you go down there yourself for anything to-day?"

Edgar looked at him for a minute, heavily, thoughtfully. Then he shook his head. "No, I'm not interested in milk drinks."

No, Grogan reckoned that was true, if nothing else was.

Johnny said crisply: "Well, as everyone's movements this morning seem to be in question, I've no hesitation in admitting that I committed the crime of purchasing two small packets of cigarettes at the milk-bar."

"What did you pay for them?"

"One shilling and ninepence."

"What money did you tender?"

"I have a sort of impression that I tendered the exact money."

"And have you a sort of impression what time you went there, too? That watch on your wrist that keeps you so punctual — didn't you happen to look at it when you went, or when you got back?"

Johnny said pleasantly: "Actually, I did. It was just before ten-thirty. I'd just got back when you sent for Rutherford and me to go over to the houseboat."

"Ten-thirty. Anybody else go down?"

Penella shook her head. No, she hadn't been away from Cliffside since she came here on Tuesday, except for the run on the harbor last night when they were all together and nobody went near the milk-bar.

Elise said no, she hadn't been either. She looked angry and defiant, glad not to know anything, glad not to co-operate.

But suddenly something took the stiffening out of her. She looked across and saw Todd's face. Todd's eyes looking at her. He was opening and shutting his mouth, getting ready for speech, getting ready to say something that he couldn't quite make up his mind to keep quiet about.

She sprang up out of her chair. "Oh, all right!" she shrilled. "I don't care who knows it. It's nothing against me. I sent Todd down there this morning to get something for my headache."

"Couldn't you have borrowed something? Wasn't there any aspirin in the house?"

"I don't take aspirin; I wanted a couple of the powders I always take. Todd wasn't doing anything, just sweeping the steps. I called him and asked him to run down for me. And it was soon after breakfast, if you want to know."

Todd nodded, relieved. "That's right; she give me the money—a two-bob bit and told me to keep the change."

"Did you have any other money on you?"

"Did I now? I might've . . . then again I mightn't've." He looked like someone trying to pick a way among landmines.

"No . . . now I come to think of it, I didn't have any money on me," he went on slowly. "I don't carry it, you see, not when I'm working. It might fall out of me pocket when I'm stooping. I give the girl the money, get the two powders, pocket the change for myself, and that's all I know about it."

Medley was the last one to be asked. He said indulgently, smiling: "Now, Inspector, when you stole on my sleep this morning did I look as though I'd been engaged on any early activities? No, I didn't leave my boat to-day until I came up here just now."

The blonde from the milk-bar came in just then. She was in two minds about this errand. It wasn't too bad to get a bit of fun like and have a look round the inside of Cliffside, where she'd never been before.

If only she could be sure it wouldn't go too far, that she wouldn't be dragged into anything and have her name in the papers or get mixed up with the police.

She pushed over her information as neatly as she was used to pushing over the sixpenny drinks, and not a word too many was spilt.

Yes, she'd seen Miss Elliot this morning, had a few words with her. The gardener? That's right, he was often in. Dr. Barlow, the fair gentleman? Yes, he'd come in, too—bought some cigarettes, she thought.

The dark young lady and gentleman over there? Oh yes, they'd been in. Her glance, resting on Polly and Owen, said. Who'd forget them? Yes, she remembered changing a pound for him. She didn't remember anyone else, though.

But that wasn't to say they mightn't've been in. Saturday morning, with all the kids in, she was going like a scalded cat.

The hitch came, though, when she couldn't even guess who'd come in first. Sorry, she couldn't recollect that for the life of her. No, it was no use him going on at her; she couldn't remember, and it wasn't a bit of good her saying she could.

When she'd gone, Grogan got up and walked out, Manning and the constable following.

Sunny sighed, looking round vaguely. "May we go, do you suppose? Or may we not?"

"It's for the Lord High Executioner to say whether we can go or not," Elise snapped childishly.

Edgar got up looking as though he'd just come to life. He said, "You can go, he doesn't need you in his pocket. He can put his hand on any of us when he wants to."

One by one they drifted away.

Polly crossed the hall and stood a moment at the door, suddenly feeling herself in the grip of a strange, rather horrifying tension. To-night will end it, she thought suddenly, not only because she wished it, but because something in the air told her so.

She turned and went upstairs, closed her door, took off her frock, and lay down on her bed.

To be concluded

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Fourth instalment

Life story of Mrs. Kasenkina

Disillusion follows escape to farm, leads to Consulate "rescue"

By Oksana S. Kasenkina

DURING my second year in the United States the social boycott of me took on the character of an organised cat-and-mouse game. My independent spirit as evidenced by my failure to fall in with the lick-spittles around the Soviet functionaries and by my occasional outbursts in defence of American ways and things made me the object of growing persecution.

To this day I do not know why I was not sent back home early in 1947, unless it was due to the praise bestowed upon me for work well done by such personages as Madame Gromyko and General Vassiliev, of the Soviet military mission, whose children were in my classes.

The campaign to provoke me so that I would put my foot in a trap went as far as dropping valuables in my path, in the hope that I would steal them in good Communist style.

But I would invariably return the finds, and complained to the director against these despicable tactics. He would shrug his shoulders and take no action.

I collected dress patterns, in addition to botanical specimens which I carefully mounted. Frequently I found all these messed up by a mysterious hand which had obviously ransacked all the drawers in my chest.

Whenever I complained to the director, he hinted that this might be the work of the United States secret police.

Another form of attack in the psychological warfare waged against me was the question fired at me now and then, "Why don't you ever write letters back home?"

Not to be pestered too much, I would once in a while pen such a letter and leave it lying around.

I knew that it would be pounced upon and thought, "All right, let the fools gloat over it."

In the summer of 1947 I was given two weeks' vacation. I went to Vice-Consul Sorokin and asked for permission to go to Niagara Falls.

It was unthinkable for a Soviet teacher to take a trip without permission.

For a natural science teacher to want to see one of the wonders of the world seemed reasonable enough. Yet Sorokin suggested that I go in company with another colleague, Nikonova, who was likeable though a Communist.

This was agreeable, and I asked: "When can we leave?" He replied: "To-morrow." I was happy.

To-morrow came, and Nikonova arrived with the tidings that Valentina Orlova, one of the hellcats of our school, was to join our party.

That would make two Communists to watch me, I thought helplessly.

The trip was again postponed until we were joined by an elderly teacher from the Washington school.

At Niagara Falls, where the museum interested me specially, the two Communist women ganged up on me to harass me.

In the course of the 27 months of serving as a teacher in the Soviet school this was the only trip I was allowed to take, and that under constant surveillance.

The regime grew more severe with the arrival of a special inspector from Russia. He came on the same plane as Vishinsky, the Deputy Foreign Minister, who was to appear before the United Nations.

We were all called before this inspector for a check on our work and personnel.

He used all kinds of devices during his stay to engage me in conversation after school hours, but I would excuse myself with the plea that I had plenty of school work waiting for me at home.

He had undoubtedly had a stack of reports on me. One incident comes to my mind which grew out of a discussion in the graduating class of what constitutes freedom of the Press.

I had stated my position as follows:

"An artist, a poet, a writer must be absolutely free. He's not like a shoemaker who deals with material things only."

The following day I was called to the Consulate, which already was in possession of a report on my indiscretion. I was given a stern lecture on my deviation from "dialectical materialism" — the true Lenin-Stalin line.

After that, I decided to keep my mouth shut whenever a controversial issue was brought up in class.

This did not deter me from repaying my persecutors in kind whenever they harped on the inferiority of American products and methods as compared with those of the Soviets.

My landlord, for instance, the Consulate secretary Porojniakov, would keep singing to me the praises of Russian sugar.

"It's sweeter and harder," he would drum into my ears.

"But you don't understand chemistry," I finally threw at him. "They are simply different sugars. This American sugar is made of cane, ours of beets."

Whenever his wife, Zoya, berated American articles, I took pleasure in emphasising American inventiveness.

"Take such an ordinary thing as a baby carriage," I pointed out to her once. "How smart of the Americans to add a strap to hold the baby in."

Zoya, who had a little girl, had removed the strap to make her baby carriage conform to Soviet style.

"The idea of holding babies like puppies on a leash!" she sneered.

Not long afterwards I went shopping with her. We took the baby in the carriage with us, minus the strap.

While we were trying on shoes inside the store, there was a terrific scream and uproar outside. Little Olechka had slipped out and fallen on the concrete sidewalk.

Instantly a crowd had collected. By the time Zoya had soothed her baby and replaced it in the carriage, I spoke the last word:

"See, I told you those Americans are smart."

But Zoya, who was one of my N.K.V.D. shadows, had her vengeance.

Some time later she provoked me by holding aloft before me and reading aloud from the anti-Communist Russian paper in New York an article dealing with the plight of the Russian displaced persons in Germany. I was so upset that I fell for the bait.

"Tell me," I cried out, "where were your Molotov and Vishinsky when millions of Russians were perishing without trial, without the right of appeal, and without a chance to beg for mercy?

"Is it any wonder that these hundreds of thousands of Soviet citizens and veterans prefer to be D.P.s than to go back to Soviet Russia on account of the regime?"

This outburst added dangerous fuel to the witch-hunt closing in upon me.

The prospect of leaving America filled me with dread when rumors began to circulate in our midst early in 1948 that the diplomatic schools abroad would be closed.

Although I was an inmate of an invisible prison in the United States, I fondled the hope of sharing in the fairyland life which throbbed around me.

To go back to the dreariness and terror of Soviet reality when a free and abundant existence lay within reach was an unbearable thought.

Moreover, I never abandoned hope that my missing son might turn up among the Russian D.P.s in Western Europe, as so many have.

The possibility that my Oleg was taken prisoner by the Germans and was still alive is something which I cannot dismiss to this day.

I was also secretly thinking of my sister Eugenia, in England, whom I had not seen in 30 years. No one in the Soviet colony in America knew that I had a close relative in a capitalist country.

I did not even dare to communicate with her during the two years of my residence outside of Russia.

Being under surveillance, I was afraid that the discovery of correspondence with my sister would make me guilty of contact with an "enemy of the people."

The grand master of the Great Purge, Andrei Vishinsky, was in New York attending the sessions of the United Nations, and we all felt his presence.

I found myself seated only a few feet away from him at a reception held in the Soviet Consulate on the anniversary of the Red Army.

The bigwigs were exchanging toasts, Vishinsky reminiscing. I was chilled to the bone.

The image of my husband Demyan, who fell in the blood bath which this man had ministered, hovered before me. My hands trembled.

With the greatest difficulty I restrained myself from rising and crying out: "Son of Cain, what have you done to the Russian people?"

Instead, I sat and listened to the nauseating glorification of "our great Stalin" or of "the all-wise leader of the proletariat, the incomparable Stalin."

It was the same tune on which we harped continuously in our schools.

But the American atmosphere had had some effect on the more advanced students in my classes.

Not all of them were swallowing indiscriminately the party line with its infallibility of Stalin's leadership.

Every now and then I would observe an ironic smile or hear an expression of disbelief when I held forth according to my rigid instructions.

Being a botanist, I could not avoid dealing with the controversy of the Lysenko-Michurin theory on heredity which was rending the Soviet academic world and reverberating across the oceans.

With the backing of Stalin, the Lysenko school of biology introduced a revision of Darwin's great doctrine of the origin of life.

Lysenko claimed to have discovered a new law of genetics or heredity, as illustrated by his ability to transform winter wheat so as to make it suitable for cultivation as far north as the polar circle.

Since the greater part of Russia lies north of the line suitable for agriculture, this claim is of immense importance to my country.

Continued on page 22

Synopsis

IN the first three instalments of her life story Mrs. Kasenkina, the Russian schoolteacher who jumped from the window of the Soviet Consulate in New York, told of the effect of the Soviet regime on the lives of herself and her family, and the loss of her husband in the great purge of the '30's.

Moving from the Ukraine to the Moscow district to make a new life and to remove her son from the influence of the Soviet Youth organisation, she was caught up in the German invasion of Russia.

Her son was reported missing at Leningrad.

She was recommended for an overseas teaching appointment, and, after six months' intensive grilling by Soviet officials, sailed for New York.

She had expected more freedom there, but found herself in a little Soviet.

She was outspoken about the behaviour of her compatriots at the Soviet holiday resort on Long Island, which led to scandalous disclosures in the U.S. Press.

NOW READ ON:

MARKS ON ARM being shown by Mrs. Kasenkina to Soviet Vice-Consul Chepurnykh. Consulate officials instructed her that she was to tell the American Press an attempt had been made to drug her with a hypodermic needle at the Tolstoy farm.

COUNTESS TOLSTOY, founder and president of the Tolstoy Foundation Reed Farm.

VISHINSKY—"Son of Cain"—and Sir John Balfour (right), Minister at the British Embassy, laugh as they shake fingers at each other at Russian reception on 30th anniversary of Soviet. Behind Sir John is Soviet Charge d'Affaires Tsarapkin, whose wife is beside Vishinsky.

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"Dr. Cuddles" Baby Singlet

The double wrap-over front gives added warmth over the tummy, and allows for expansion with baby's rapid growth. This garment can be inserted in the kimino before dressing, so both can be put on at the same time. Like all Dr. Cuddles Baby Wear, the singlet is ironed FLAT.

"Dr. Cuddles" Baby Kimino

Tying securely at the neck and chest, this cosy day-time kimino stays put on the most active little bodies. Leading clinics insist on garments that give baby complete freedom to kick and stretch and thus aid muscular development. The Dr. Cuddles Kimino does just this. At the same time it allows perfect freedom of the legs for sun bathing and makes changing baby simple.

They're packed in hygienically-sealed cellophane wrappers

Dr. Cuddles garments are for baby's everyday wardrobe: practical, easy-to-wear, scientifically designed garments, which give far more comfort and freedom to babies and far less work to mothers. They're "expandable"! They "grow" with the baby. You're saved the expense of continually buying new clothes. No pinning or clipping—just a few well-placed ties; no struggling—because they either wrap on or slip over the feet. Saves washing and ironing time, too. Ribbons, frills and laces have been wisely omitted to make laundering simple.

"Dr Cuddles" Baby Sleeper

This safe, warm, night-time sleeping garment has ample "growing" space. Although it does not hamper baby's kicks, it keeps him well covered and restricts any thumb-sucking tendencies. Baby can wear this garment until it is worn out without worrying about changing sizes. Like the whole Dr. Cuddles range, there are no buttons to be continually replaced.

Dr Cuddles Baby Wear means

LESS HANDLING OF BABY

NO PINS.. NO BUTTONS.. NO CLIPS

EASIER WASHING AND IRONING

MORE CONTENTMENT

Dr. Cuddles Baby Wear is made from Clydella, Ingola, Daflona, Lova and flannelette woven in England especially to Dr. Cuddles specifications. Singlets from the finest interlock cotton available.

"Dr. Cuddles" Binder

The Dr. Cuddles tie-on binder eliminates the danger of pins close to baby's tummy and fits snugly and securely. This knitted band expands and contracts with baby's breathing . . . needs no adjusting after feeding. Think of the time saved!

Dr. Cuddles is distributing his Baby Ware throughout Australia just as quickly as possible. If your favourite store doesn't already sell these ingenious garments, it will probably only be a matter of weeks before it does.

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Princess Margaret sets fashions for young

UNCOVERED face is rule for members of the Royal Family, so Margaret's fashion solution is veil in smart tie under her chin with her rose-trimmed hat.

PERFECT PICTURE of a traditional princess is provided by Margaret when she wears lovely satin gown, pearl choker, long gloves, and soft furs.

SMART Sharman Douglas, daughter of American Ambassador to London, who has great influence on Margaret's dress taste. They are close friends. Sharman's escort is Norman Fraser.

May become world's best-dressed girl

From ANNE MATHESON, of our London office

In less than a year Princess Margaret, Royal beauty and world's most eligible girl, has become so noted for her smart dressing that her taste is having a marked influence on fashion. She will probably be acknowledged as the world's best-dressed girl.

WITH a slim though somewhat diminutive figure, Princess Margaret's physical attractions are set off by a small waist she nipped from 23 to 21½ inches when in April of this year she launched out in the "new look."

Princess Margaret's flair for dressing was guided at first by the Duchess of Kent, smartest of all the Royal ladies, to whom the Princess turned for advice when she was choosing clothes for the South African tour.

Between Princess Margaret and Miss Florrie Ford, who had made her clothes since childhood, there was always perfect harmony and complete acceptance of each other's ideas.

But for her first important clothes the Queen took her daughter to Norman Hartnell and the Duchess of Kent took her to Molyneux, and it was in the salons of these two famous designers that the young Princess proved she had ideas on clothes and was quite determined to carry them out.

Frequently sketching designs for herself and always brimful of ideas, the first evidence that she was developing a distinct flair for dressing was her perfect color sense.

Her vivid personality found expression in gay colors—daffodil, apple-blossom-pink, greens in every shade, deep blues, and often red-and-white, with bright red hat and accessories.

The sound Royal principle that people should know what dressing to expect in Royal ladies does not affect Margaret in her less important position in relation to the throne.

Long before Princess Elizabeth took the plunge Margaret launched out in the "new look." It was for the Silver Wedding Anniversary in April, when the Princess wore sky-blue grosgrain with full ballerina skirt and peplumed hips. And, to give her height, she wore platform-soled, high-heeled shoes.

Princess Margaret knows she can never be really free in choice of hats and veils, for Royal ladies must leave their faces uncovered. Her hat for this frock, however, was an off-the-face line with an entirely new line to it. Crownless and in a paler blue, it made a perfect frame for her pretty face. She changed her hair style, too, to suit the hat, wore the right accessories—from Dorothy bag to dainty choker pearls.

Princess Margaret sees no necessity for keeping clothes. "They soon get old-fashioned," she says, and broke with tradition when she took her bridesmaid's frock from its tissue paper wrapping and naphthalene, and danced at the Hyde Park Hotel, till dawn, in the tulle and sequin frock blossoming with satin stars.

"Silly to waste a good frock," she said.

Sketches own designs

At one time it was reported that the Princess was setting out to be the best-dressed woman in England, but it is unlikely Margaret did more than sigh hopefully, in an unguarded moment, that one day she might achieve this honor.

For the Princess is an intelligent girl, who knows the importance of good dressing, but also the shallowness of over-emphasising this importance.

She has a practical, as well as an artistic, eye to dressing. Her first approach to the new styles was when she let down the hem of a beige coat trimmed with beaver. In all their leads to economy none of the Royal ladies had done that before.

And Miss Ford now makes all her coats with deep hems and long linings in case the Princess should further lengthen her new, long look.

Fully flared coats with nipped waists and rounded shoulders are quite a feature of the young Princess' wardrobe.

This summer her favorite colors have been blues, and pink in off-shades of mushroom, strawberry, and rose.

Princess Margaret dislikes black, while Princess Elizabeth's favorite dance frock was the black chiffon, with cherry-red velvet bindings, she wore to private parties and dances in the first days of her courtship with Prince Philip.

BEIGE beaver-trimmed coat took its place in history when Margaret lengthened it by letting down the hem.

Just as the Duchess of Kent has had an influence on Princess Margaret's taste in clothes, so Princess Margaret, since she became clothes-conscious, has had an influence on Princess Elizabeth.

It was Princess Margaret who induced Elizabeth to wear at least 2½in. heels with her wedding dress, the first time Elizabeth had worn such high heels. Nothing would induce Princess Margaret to return to the lower heel of her early teen-age. She is happy and comfortable in high heels and platform soles.

"They give you height and confidence," she says.

FIRST "new look" dress worn by Princess Margaret was at her parents' Silver Wedding Anniversary last April.

Faint protests from the Queen, who thinks some of her daughter's ideas a little too advanced for her age, have been gently overruled. Smart fashion magazines are always to hand in Margaret's sitting-room to prove her points.

Sharman Douglas, daughter of the American Ambassador to London, is one of Princess Margaret's closest confidantes. Nineteen-year-old Sharman, with fair, sleek page-boy, has all the appearance of an American sophisticate. And Princess Margaret is fascinated by her. Quite often one can see the influence Sharman's less restricted American wardrobe has had on Princess Margaret's.

At Ascot this year the grey grosgrain with red flower motif worn by Princess Margaret had much the same look and cut as the frock worn by Sharman Douglas. Princess Margaret wore a gay red hat to tone with the flower motif and red bag. Only her long white gloves were reminders of her position in Royal circles.

NEW-LENGTH COAT and platform-soled shoes were chosen by Princess Margaret when she broke her holiday at Balmoral to launch an oil-tanker at Clydeside.

Just as her clothes and colors are those of the individual with an artistic eye for effects, so the jewellery Princess Margaret wears carries out the scheme.

Her neck is longish, and Princess Margaret wears Edwardian chokers with great charm and elegance. She has a four-strand pearl choker and a five-strand pearl choker with large blue enamel and diamond cameo, fastening in front.

Much of her jewellery is antique in delicate settings. She likes old-fashioned, Victorian stones—beryl, turquoise, zircon. Her jewellery pieces are often flower designs—clips, bracelets, necklaces—but never earrings.

Secret of Princess Margaret's success with clothes is that she is always dressed well for the occasion. Consciously or unconsciously, young girls are influenced by her choice—even though there might be slight criticism that the Princess is dressing in a style too old for her age.

"But aren't teen-agers too old for their age to-day?" the Princess asks, and certain it is that many of the Princess' contemporaries are dressing in a less teen-age manner than formerly.

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Editorial

NOVEMBER 20, 1948

EXAMINATION TIME

THIS is a busy, anxious time for mothers. They share the lives of their children so completely that many of them are now suffering from "exam nerves."

Beyond this hectic examination time is the big question of careers and jobs, which must be considered as soon as the holidays are over.

There is no shortage of jobs. The commercial and industrial worlds are crying out for juniors and competition is for staff rather than for jobs.

The pitfalls in such a situation are obvious. Employers are offering tempting pay for some work that can never provide anything more than dead-end jobs.

The boys of the family are not so much in danger from this. In most homes the promise for their future is weighed carefully against immediate gain.

Many girls, however, feel that romance and marriage are not far off and that the biggest money offering should be grasped.

This is a pity.

The happiest people are those who can find some satisfaction and take some pride in their daily work. Such work calls for skill and knowledge of some kind, and requires training or apprenticeship that may not be immediately profitable.

Parents and daughters should think of this and remember, too, that every woman should be equipped to earn her living in some worthwhile way to which she may return after marriage, if necessary.

WORTH Reporting

WHEN we noticed that the winner of this week's crossword puzzle contest, Mr. W. A. Davis, gave his address as the Royal Sydney Industrial Blind Institution, we rang him and found that, blind himself, he is a home teacher on the staff of the institution.

He told us that he does crosswords often, and before the war was runner-up in a big radio crossword contest.

"My wife reads me the clues," he explained. "Braille isn't really practicable for crosswords."

We suggested that it must be much more difficult doing them without actually seeing the grid, but he says that his method has one advantage.

"It enables you to concentrate entirely on one clue at a time," he said.

"When reading crossword clues, people's minds are often distracted by thinking of other clues at the same time."

Mr. Davis feels that similar concentration is useful in chess — on which he is also very keen.

Mr. Davis lost his sight after an illness when a child. He qualified as a teacher of the blind at the Royal Normal College in England. As a "home teacher" on the staff of the Blind Institution he visits blind people in their homes, teaching Braille and handicrafts.

Veteran rider

SEVENTY - THREE - YEAR - OLD Mrs. Arthur Bennett, of Ashby Cottage, Ross, Tasmania, has been riding for 69 years, and can still put her mount at fences with the dash of her youth.

A member of the Midlands Hunt Club, one of the oldest in Australia, she's known among fellow members as one of its most fearless riders over fences. On her horse, V.C., which is almost as famous as Mrs. Bennett herself and which is now 34 years old, she's won hundreds of show-ring awards over the years.

Always impeccably clad in show ring or hunting field, Mrs. Bennett has never let the fact that she has to wear spectacles interfere with her riding.

She's an outdoor type, wiry and energetic, with a continually sunburnt complexion. She is the mother of one son, Mr. Percy Bennett.

Hats for hire

"HAT Renting Haven," a shop in New York, does a brisk business in renting hats to girls for special dates. For a hat which would sell at £6, they charge £1 to rent the hat for 24 hours.

This seems a rather expensive method of getting a smart hat, but, apparently, many customers find it suits their budget. Should they wish to keep the hat they can buy it by paying the difference between the renting and purchase prices.

College girls who never wear hats suddenly find they need one for a special occasion. Sometimes women rent bridesmaids' or wedding hats.

One girl came into the shop looking for a smart and becoming hat to wear when applying for a job. An actress who wanted to look entirely different from her usual self when applying for a part hired a hat—and got the part.

All hats are disinfected as soon as they are returned, old hatbands are removed, and fresh ones inserted.

November Lilies

November lilies are all out,
They made their grand debut without
one small hurra, one single shout,
or trumpeting.
But if you'd had the hearing ear,
and watched them radiantly appear,
you might have marked it—soft, yet clear—
how they did ring!

November lilies last not long.
Too soon the elegant white throng—
the veritable queens among my garden State—
have overspent their essence rare
with largesse royal on the air,
and till another spring be here must abdicate.

November lilies in late spring
give pause for glad remembering
cause and effect in everything
that Life makes up:
though in dark depths the seed be sown,
silent and utterly alone,
comes in due season, to atone,
this shining cup.

—MARY CORRINGHAM.

Hitch-hikers

AFTER hitch-hiking round Australia for two years, two Melbourne girls, Jean Carter and Marie Roberts, are home again.

Both office workers, they tried several other kinds of jobs. They worked as waitresses in a Blue Mountains guest house for a while. On a Gippsland farm they tried milking a cow for the first time—one at either side! While they got half a bucket from patient Bessie, the farmer milked 19 other cows.

When they set out to hitch-hike from the Blue Mountains to Brisbane, they had for company Sailor, a blue cattle dog. He fast became expert at "hitching," and several times caused embarrassment by jumping into every car with an open door.

During the journey north from Brisbane they travelled 430 miles in a timber waggon.

"In this 'terror' we had to nurse each other in turn," Marie told us. "There were no doors, no glass in the back of the cabin, a torn roof to hold on to, and half the seat was a four-gallon tin of water which kept spilling."

The night after this journey they spent in a railway carriage at a wayside station. "It was heaven after the truck," they said.

"It was like turning over the pages of a picture story book," said Marie, telling of their hike through Queensland and the Northern Territory to Darwin, via Mt. Isa.

At the Katherine they were whisked off to a ball the moment they arrived.

"They didn't seem to mind our shorts, shirts, sandals, and dirt a bit," laughed Jean. "Who cared? Two extra girls were in town!"

Darwin proved so attractive that the hikers stayed eight months.

"One view of a chocolate-box Darwin sunset and we were completely won over."

Hitch-hiking was out of the question for the journey from Darwin to Perth, which the girls made by ship, but they hiked to New Norcia, and from Southern Cross to Kalgoorlie, after waiting there two days for anything "hitchable" to go through.

In all their travels they walked only about 25 miles out of a total of 23,000. They advise all long-distance hitch-hikers to stay at a hotel every night. A good meal, sleep, and bath mean a lot.

They travelled very light, an Army satchel holding changes of underwear, shirts, and shorts, and had heavier luggage forwarded by rail as they planned each stage of their trip.

Baby-sitters

WE were mildly surprised by a report from Springfield, Illinois, U.S.A., that a special course in baby-sitting is being conducted at one of the local high schools.

However, it appears that the classes are conducted after school, and include some useful information —"how to prepare baby's formula," and "the discovery and removal of the causes of crying."

A list of "don'ts" includes "don't raid the ice-box" and "dont entertain friends."

Canberra shopping

THE "little corner shop," that very necessary standby for the busy housewife, will soon play its part in Canberra life.

At present, shopping facilities in the Australian Capital are restricted to three main centres. Two of these centres, Kingston and Manuka, are fairly close together, and the third, Civic Centre, serves the other side of the city.

Only deliveries made are milk and bread.

Because Canberra is growing rapidly and homes must now be built a long way from the shopping centres, the Department of the Interior has decided to build small shops in the various suburbs.

The Department is Canberra's official landlord. It owns many of the homes in which public servants live, and grants land leases for periods up to 99 years to private builders.

The new shops will be a boon to the many housewives who, when they want to make even a small purchase, have to travel several miles on bus services run on schedules to suit public servants' working hours.

A Housewives' Better Shopping Facilities Committee, formed by the local Trades and Labor Council, is now pressing hard for meat deliveries.

An officer of the Department of the Interior tells us that the Capital has been divided into neighborhood units, each of which will eventually have its own shopping centre.

* * *

AMERICAN advertisers let no opportunity slip. A Melbourne traveller recently brought back some records from the States. They are on pastel-colored, unbreakable discs, boldly lettered with advertising slogans.

Visit to Prague

SHEILA DAVIES, an Australian girl who for a time conducted the A.B.C. session, Kindergarten of the Air, is in London taking a post-graduate course on child development.

She and another Australian girl, Margaret Evans, who was at the Lady Gowrie Child Centre in Perth, and who is now in England lecturing at training colleges for teachers, went as Australian delegates to an international conference held at Prague on the mental and physical development of children under school age.

She was chosen quite by chance. One day when she was visiting Australia House, officers there told her about the conference, and asked her whether she would like to go with Miss Evans to represent Australia.

She spent eight days in Prague, and the trip cost £75. Although she went as an Australian delegate, Australia House provided no financial help.

"My work took me into many of the kindergartens in Prague," said Miss Davies. "I found them overcrowded but well disciplined. The thing that struck me most was the lack of pictures.

"Nowhere did I find a single nursery rhyme illustration or any of the lovely fairy groups and flower paintings one sees in Australian kindergartens. The only pictures were portraits of Stalin and Masaryk.

"When I expressed surprise, the teachers all replied in the same way. 'Stalin is the liberator of our country. The children must never forget it.'"

IT SEEMS TO ME

by

Dorothy Drain

PUBLIC-OPINION polls, especially in the United States, had reached such a pitch of efficiency as to be thought infallible — until the American Presidential elections.

President Truman's victory delivered such a slap in the teeth to these polls (and, indeed, to every other forecaster) that the organisers must be holding more post mortems than the Republican Party.

I find a peculiar kind of satisfaction in this. For polls have proved, until now, to be so accurate that it had begun to seem a waste of time to hold any elections at all.

Now it looks as if people are not such predictable automatons. Apparently, they don't always tell questioners what they intend to do, and they even change their minds.

As long as people continue to change their minds and behave like people, and not like components of a calculating machine, there appears to be some hope for mankind.

* * *

THE old lady of Connecticut who, at 104, decided to vote for the first time was an entertaining sidelight of the American elections.

This old lady, Mrs. Sarah Rockwell, explained that until now she had felt no interest in politics.

She had come to believe that a Republican victory could save the world, and must now feel that her belated interest was not worth while.

Nevertheless, the fact that Mrs. Rockwell took up politics at that age indicates an unselfish spirit, for it is unlikely that the state of this world will be of personal interest to her for many years longer.

It may be dangerous, too. It is quite likely that the reason she has lived to this great age is simply because she has never taken an interest in politics. For politics are very hard on the blood pressure.

* * *

MR. JUSTICE CANTOR, speaking from the Full Bench of the Industrial Commission, said that to describe smoking as a luxury was "a piece of nonsense."

I hope Mr. Justice Cantor is right. I would be pleased to think so.

But the Oxford Dictionary raises a doubt. It defines a luxury as: "Thing that one enjoys, thing desirable but not indispensable."

If the Oxford is to be believed practically everything except salt, flour, sugar, tea, matches, and a roof over our head is a luxury.

I don't know that one can even exclude tea.

Great as is my faith in the Oxford Dictionary, I am, on due reflection, entirely on the side of Mr. Justice Cantor.

* * *

THOUGHTS after learning that there is in America a "Society for the Reanimation of Interesting Superstitions":

Why superstitions should be in need of any reanimation
Is something that evokes in me a mark of exclamation,
Being constantly in search of black cats and avoiding ladders,
Crossed knives, and mirror-breaking, which frighten me more than death-adders,
While spilled salt is ever liable to be the cause
Of a fit of depression only exceeded by seeing an umbrella put up indoors;
In fact, if many people are like me, superstition
Is still an even more baleful influence than nuclear fission.

"Well, fancy that!"

★ Thriller fans! You'll enjoy every page of Ellery Queen's Mystery Magazine. 1/- at all newsagents. ★

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Mandrake the Magician

MANDRAKE: Master magician, and
LOTHAR: His giant Nubian servant, go with
COLONEL BARTON: In search of flame-colored pearls. Also on board the yacht Argos is
BETTY: His daughter. A new clue in their search for the pearls leads them to the Hungry Isles, situated in uncharted waters. Mandrake and others set out in a small boat to make soundings. They ask a fisherman who says that the only danger spot is the narrows, marked by buoy lights. He tells them to head between the lights and they will be safe. As they do so small boats surround them, and ragged pirates overpower the crew. Mandrake hypnotises the swaggering pirate leader.

NOW READ ON:

TALKING OF FILMS

By Marjorie Beckingsale

★★★ *Sorry, Wrong Number*

ASSOCIATION of two unusually clever women—a writer and an actress—held me spellbound during the screening of "Sorry, Wrong Number."

Lucille Fletcher, author of a successful radio play which she has turned into a film, and Barbara Stanwyck, its star, share the feminine honors of what is an extraordinary picture with unbearable suspense.

Anyone who has felt the sudden sharpening of nervous tension when a telephone rings in a lonely house at night, will fully appreciate Miss Fletcher's vigorous drama built on this basis.

Admirers of Barbara Stanwyck—and I am one—also will be grateful to see her given the sort of part in which she excels. It is emotional with acid overtones, which only make her collapses into hysteria all the more convincing.

Her performance is Academy Award material if ever I saw it.

Director Anatole Litvak creates his atmosphere of suspense from the word go.

Leona Stevenso (Barbara Stanwyck), bedridden, wealthy neurotic, alone in her home, lives through an evening of gradually mounting suspicion that she is to be a murder victim, and the audience lives it with her.

The telephone at her bedside is by turns an instrument of torture and frustration.

It tells her of her husband's descent into crime and plan to kill her.

It brings home to her the appalling results of her own possessive, selfish behavior, and it is the medium of her frantic, hopeless attempts to bring help and save her life.

Burt Lancaster as Leona's husband surprised me with his acting. There is none of the woodenness and lack of finesse we have seen from him lately.

Australian Ann Richards has her best part for a long time.

The workmanship of the production is remarkable. There are no rough corners, no unexplained situations, throughout the long series of flashbacks and narratives and the steady movement to the final minutes of unadulterated terror.

Paramount is showing this high quality film for adults at the Prince Edward.

★ *The White Unicorn*

JUST why Margaret Lockwood retains her high position in the favor of so many fans is rapidly becoming a puzzle.

Tearjerkers, phoney thrillers, and period family sagas have been Margaret's lot for some time. It's all becoming very heavy weather.

"The White Unicorn," Margaret's latest opus, exploits just about everything, and, in consequence, nothing of any real value, except one scene of high hysteria in which the shrieks presumably are those of Miss L.

From the moment when welfare worker (Margaret) and delinquent girl (Joan Greenwood) settle down to some cosy swapping of their life stories I presume we are meant to suffer with them.

Both actresses have my sympathy because their film is so irksome. I have never seen Margaret Lockwood so over-dressed and over-made-up.

Ian Hunter and Dennis Price have no more cause than the girls to be grateful for their jobs.

J. Arthur Rank should give a sound rebuke to whoever is responsible for this release at the Embassy.

Printed and published by Consolidated Press Limited, 168-174 Castlereagh Street, Sydney.

The best shilling's worth on the bookstalls.— ELLERY QUEEN'S MYSTERY MAGAZINE.

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Awarded £1000 in our Cookery Contest

MRS. KEITH MORRIS smiles happily when she receives her prize cheque for £1000.

This is the budget which won for Mrs. Keith Morris, of Albert Street, East Malvern, Victoria, the Grand Champion Prize of £1000 for the best Budget and Menu Plan in our £2000 Cookery Contest.

The competition was a spectacular success. Half a million entries poured in from all over Australia. Food experts praised the high standard of entries in both sections of the Contest.

COMFORTABLE BRICK COTTAGE in Malvern, V

Sunday

BREAKFAST.—Grapefruit. Wheatmeal porridge. Grilled sausages. Wholemeal bread and honey. Coffee (adults); milk (children).

DINNER.—Vegetable soup. Stuffed baked rabbit★ with baked potatoes, pumpkin, and peas. Queen pudding.★

TEA.—Cheese, pineapple, and lettuce salad. Nutloaf. Wholemeal bread and honey. Orange cake. Fruit. Milk (children); tea (adults).

★ Recipe given.

Monday

BREAKFAST.—Stewed prunes. Oatmeal porridge. Poached egg on toast. Cocoa.

LUNCH.—Packed lunches: Rabbit paste and lettuce sandwiches. Nutloaf sandwiches. Apple. Milk. For one at home: Hot cheese slices. Wholemeal bread and vegetable spread. Lettuce. Apple. Tea.

DINNER.—Cream of celery soup. Haricot mutton,★ mashed potatoes, and silver beet. Milk dumplings★ with honey.

★ Recipe given.

Tuesday

BREAKFAST.—Grated pineapple. Wheatmeal porridge. Brains and bacon. Toast. Coffee (adults); milk (children).

LUNCH.—Packed lunches: Date scones. Wholemeal bread. Celery. Cheese. Oranges. Milk. For one at home: Egg and silver beet on toast. Date scones. Celery. Orange. Tea.

DINNER.—Parsnip soup. Baked meat roll,★ baked potatoes, onions, and cauliflower. Apple charlotte★ with top milk.

★ Recipe given.

Wedn

BREAKFAST.—Orange ridge. Scrambled e

LUNCH.—Packed lunch wiches. Vegetable wiches. Orange ca one at home: Caul meal bread. Dates

DINNER.—Carrot sou mince★ with mashe nip and cabbage. banana mock cream

★ Recipe given.

RECIPES FOR MAIN DISHES

STUFFED BAKED RABBIT

One rabbit (washed well in warm water and dried), veal forcemeat, 1 small cup breadcrumbs, 1 tablespoon chopped parsley, 1 teaspoon mixed herbs, a little grated lemon rind, 1 teaspoon flour, ½ teaspoon salt, 1 dessertspoon shredded suet, 2 tablespoons milk (mix together in basin), 2 tablespoons fat, 2 strips bacon.

Fill the rabbit with forcemeat and sew up. Turn the neck to the legs, and tie together. Place bacon on top of rabbit. Put fat in baking-dish. Place rabbit on a stand in baking-dish. Cover dish and bake till nearly cooked (1½ to 2 hours). Remove cover for last ten minutes. Lift out and make gravy.

QUEEN PUDDING

One pint milk, 1 cup breadcrumbs, 2 eggs, butter (piece size of walnut), rind and juice of lemon, 2 tablespoons sugar.

Heat milk and pour over breadcrumbs and butter. Leave covered till soft. Beat egg-yolks and sugar and add to mixture. Grate lemon rind and add. Bake slowly in dish of water till set, then cover with meringue made with beaten egg-whites, 2 tablespoons sugar, and juice of lemon. Leave in oven till pale brown in color.

HARICOT MUTTON

One and a half pounds forequarter chops, 1 onion, 1 carrot, 1 turnip, 1oz. flour, 1oz. fat, 1 pint water, ½ teaspoon salt, pepper.

Remove fat from chops and cut in neat pieces. Chop onion finely. Fry chops in saucepan on both sides till brown, then lift on to plate and fry onion. Add flour and seasoning and fry till brown. Add water, stirring till it thickens, then add chops, carrot, and turnip cut into rounds. Stew for 1½ hours.

BAKED MEAT ROLL

Three-quarters pound bladebone steak, 1 thick slice stale bread soaked in milk, 1 egg, 1 teaspoon mixed herbs, 1 teaspoon chopped parsley, ½ teaspoon salt, pepper.

Put steak through mincer and blend with bread (squeezed out of milk), beaten egg, and other ingredients. Shape into a roll and cover well with flour. Place in baking-dish with melted fat and roast for one hour, turning frequently. Serve with gravy.

MILK DUMPLINGS

One cup plain flour, ½ cup grated beef suet, 1 to 2 tablespoons water, pinch of salt, 2 cups milk.

Mix flour, salt, and grated suet to a stiff paste with water, then roll into balls. Heat milk in double saucepan, then drop in balls and cook 1 hour. Serve with honey.

APPLE CHARLOTTE

Two cups stale white breadcrumbs, 3 tablespoons grated suet, 1½lb. apples stewed with sugar.

Mix suet and breadcrumbs and line a greased piedish with half of mixture. Fill dish with apple. Cover with remainder of crumbs and bake half an hour. Dust with cinnamon and serve with top milk.

COMPOTE OF RHUBARB WITH BANANA MOCK CREAM

One bunch rhubarb, 4oz. sugar, 1 cup water.

Wash rhubarb and cut in 2in. pieces. Heat water and sugar till sugar is dissolved, then add rhubarb and cook slowly till tender.

Banana Mock Cream: One banana, 1 egg-white, pinch of salt, 1 tablespoon sugar, squeeze lemon juice.

Beat egg-white, salt, and sugar in a basin over hot water until stiff and sugar completely dissolved. Mash banana with sufficient lemon juice to prevent discoloration, beating to a smooth pulp. Add to the egg-white and beat until consistency of whipped cream.

APPLE BUTTERSCOTCH PIE

Stew 1½lb. apples and leave to cool.

Tart Case: 1½ cups self-raising flour, pinch salt, 2 tablespoons sugar, 4oz. margarine, 1 egg, 1 tablespoon milk.

Rub margarine into flour, sugar, and salt. Mix egg with milk and mix into dry ingredients. Roll out thinly. Butter bottom of tart-tray, cover with pastry, and bake. (There will be sufficient pastry and apple for small apple pies for lunch.)

Place half stewed apples in case and over it pour sauce made as follows: Mix 1 cup brown sugar with 4 tablespoons plain flour. Add gradually 1 cup boiling milk and 2 tablespoons butter. Mix thoroughly and put in saucepan, cooking very slowly until it thickens. Remove from fire and add 1 egg-yolk and 1 teaspoon vanilla essence.

Cover all with egg-white stiffly whipped with sugar, and return to oven to brown.

CASSEROLE OF CHOPS

One and one-half pounds lamb forequarter chops, 4 strips bacon oven-dried breadcrumbs, salt.

Cut fat off chops and remove rind from bacon. Sprinkle bottom of casserole thickly with breadcrumbs, then put in a layer of chops and a layer of breadcrumbs with a little salt. Repeat till dish is full, then cover all over with bacon. Put lid on casserole and bake in a slow oven for 1½ hours. Serve with gravy.

FRIED FISH AND CHIPS

One and one-half pounds mullet, seasoned flour, 1 beaten egg (egg-yolk saved from banana mock cream), breadcrumbs.

Clean, wash, and dry fish. Remove heads and tails. Dip in seasoned flour, then egg and breadcrumbs. Wet-fry a golden brown, drain on paper, and serve with wedges of lemon and potato chips.

STEAK AND KIDNEY PUDDING

Three-quarters pound bladebone steak, 1 sheep's kidney, salt and pepper, 1 teaspoon flour.

Suet Paste: 1½ cups flour, ⅔ cup grated suet, ½ teaspoon salt, water to mix.

Rub suet in sifted flour and salt and mix to a dry paste with water. Roll out and line a greased basin, leaving a piece for top of pudding.

Cut meat into small pieces ½in. square. Skin kidney and cut it into small pieces. Mix steak, kidney, flour, salt, and pepper, and fill the lined basin, adding about 2 tablespoons water. Roll out remaining piece of paste and place over the meat, pressing the edges of the paste together. Flour a pudding-cloth and tie firmly over the basin. Plunge into enough boiling water to cover it and boil for 2½ hours. Fill up pan with boiling water when necessary.

ELIZABETH PUDDING

One cup flour, ½ cup sugar, ½ teaspoon carbonate of soda, salt and nutmeg, 2 tablespoons beef dripping, ½ cup currants, ½ cup sultanas, milk.

Rub fat into sifted flour, salt, and soda. Add sugar, nutmeg, and fruit, and mix till soft with milk. Put in greased basin and steam with buttered paper on top for three hours. Serve with white sauce.

LIVER AND STEAK MINCE

Half lamb's fry (other half used for breakfast), ½lb. bladebone steak, salt, 1 tablespoon flour, water.

Soak liver in salt and water for half an hour, then skin. Mince steak and liver together, put in saucepan, cover with water, add 1 teaspoon salt and simmer half an hour. Thicken with 1 tablespoon flour and serve.

PINEAPPLE MERINGUE

One and one-half cups grated pineapple, 1½ cups water, 1 cup sugar, 1 tablespoon butter, 1 egg, 2 tablespoons cornflour.

Simmer pineapple, water, and sugar together for 10 minutes, then add butter. Mix cornflour smooth with a little water and stir into mixture off the fire. Return to fire and cook two minutes, then add beaten egg-yolk. Pour into piedish and cover with meringue made with egg-white and 1 extra tablespoon sugar. Place in oven for a few minutes till meringue is tinted a golden color.

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ern, Vic., is the home of our budget winner and her family.

Here is winning design for living

The prizewinning budget is based on menus for one week for a family of four—two adults and two children (daughter aged 10, son aged 7)—costing £3/10/0 per week, and including packed lunches for five days. Time, Melbourne winter (August).

Mrs. Keith Morris, whose entry won the competition, provides her own family's meals for £4/5/0 a week for a family of six. Wife of a bank clerk, she plans her menus three or four days ahead for economical buying. She has no homegrown vegetables, as her husband prefers landscape painting instead of gardening as a hobby.

ednesday

Orange juice. Oatmeal porbled eggs on toast. Cocoa.

lunches: Fruit mince sandtable spread and nut sandnge cake. Apple. Milk. For : Cauliflower cheese. Whole-Dates. Apple. Tea.

t soup. Liver and steak mashed potatoes, swede turbage. Compote rhubarb with cream.★

Thursday

BREAKFAST.—Grated apple. Wheatmeal porridge. Lamb's fry and bacon. Wholemeal bread and vegemite. Milk (children); coffee (adults).

LUNCH.—Packed lunches: Bread rolls with grated carrot. Hard-boiled egg. Banana. Milk. For one at home: Bread rolls with cabbage and carrot salad. Steamed cup custard. Banana. Tea.

DINNER.—Pea soup. Casserole chops★ with carrot straws, baked jacket potatoes and brussels sprouts. Apple butterscotch pie.★

★ Recipe given.

Friday

BREAKFAST.—Grapefruit. Oatmeal porridge. Parsley omelette. Toast. Honey. Cocoa.

LUNCH.—Packed lunches: Raisin bread sandwiches. Lettuce leaf and wedge of cheese. Small apple pie. Orange. Milk. For one at home: Pea soup. Potato savory. Apple.

DINNER.—Kidney soup. Fried fish and chips★. Steamed Elizabeth puding.★

★ Recipe given.

Saturday

BREAKFAST.—Orange. Wheatmeal porridge. Pancakes with lemon juice. Toasted raisin bread. Coffee (for adults); milk (for children).

DINNER.—Vegetable broth. Steak and kidney pudding.★ Mashed potatoes, celery with white sauce, and carrot rings. Pineapple meringue.★

TEA.—Veal and bacon tart. Passionfruit snow. Wholemeal bread. Honey. Vegetable spread. Tea (for adults); milk (for children).

★ Recipe given.

FAMILY GROUP

Prizewinner and her family, Mr. and Mrs. Keith Morris and baby William, John, Susan, and Wendy (right). Mrs. Morris based her prizewinning budget on £3/10/- a week for two adults and two children. Her own housekeeping allowance is £4/5/- for her household of six. Her husband has a separate fund for gas and electricity, which works out at about 5/- a week. He also pays the wages of a girl who comes in for half a day a week to help with the cleaning.

BILLS FOR WEEK'S FOOD BUDGET

GROCER

	£	s.	d.
Cornflour			3
½lb. prunes			9
½ pkt. rolled oats			4½
1lb. wheatmeal			3
1½lb. butter		3	4
½lb. margarine			10½
1lb. bacon		2	6
1lb. tea			8½
2oz. coffee			6
2oz. cocoa			5½
1lb. cheese		2	0
1oz. vegemite			8
2½ doz. eggs at 2/8 per doz.		6	0
Nuts			6
½lb. dates			9
Bacon bones			2
½lb. currants			7½
½lb. sultanas			7½
2lb. S.R. flour			9
1lb. plain flour			2½
3lb. sugar		1	1½
½lb. honey			5
Salt			1
Allowance for small quantities (vanilla, spices, herbs, etc.)		1	0
	£1	4	11

GREENGROCER

	£	s.	d.
4 grapefruit		1	0
1 pineapple		1	6
16 oranges		2	0
12 apples		1	6
2 lemons			3
8 bananas		1	0
2 passionfruit			3
1 lettuce			6
Celery		1	3
Potatoes		1	0
1lb. peas		1	0
1lb. pumpkin			4
1 cauliflower		1	0
1 cabbage			9
1 bunch silver beet			7
2 bunches carrots		1	0
1 bunch parsnips			6
Swede turnip			2½
1lb. onions			2½
½lb. brussels sprouts			6
1 bunch rhubarb			8
3lb. cooking apples		1	3
Parsley			2
		18	3

DAIRY

	£	s.	d.
28 pints milk at 5d. pint (bottled for extra protection)		11	8

BAKER

	£	s.	d.
Raisin loaf			6
8 bread rolls			8
5 ½ loaves wholemeal at 3½d.		1	5½
½ loaf white bread			3½
		2	11

BUTCHER

	£	s.	d.
½lb. dripping			3
1lb. sausages			10
2 sets brains			6
1 lamb's fry			7
1 rabbit		1	6
1 knuckle veal		1	0
½lb. suet			3
2lb. bladebone steak at 1/2		2	4
1½lb. forequarter chops at 8½d.		1	1
1½lb. lamb forequarter chops at 1/-		1	6
2 kidneys			4
Soup bones			3
		10	5

FISHMONGER

	£	s.	d.
1½lb. mullet		1	10

SUMMARY

	£	s.	d.
Grocer	1	4	11
Greengrocer		18	3
Dairy		11	8
Baker		2	11
Butcher		10	5
Fishmonger		1	10
Total	£3	10	6

Dietitian discusses entries

By Elaine Miatt

Australian housewives have shown by their entries in The Australian Women's Weekly £1000 Budget and Menu Plan Contest that they are providing their children with the right type of foods.

THEIR meals are well balanced nutritionally.

They have also shown that they realise the value of tastefully serving food, and have made the best use of color combination and texture in vegetables and salads.

However, only a small percentage of the entries gave detailed lists of their use of left-overs, which gave the impression that the menus had been scientifically and carefully prepared, but were not practical working ones used in their homes.

In planning the weekly menu, the housewife must work it out as a whole and not as seven separate units, to provide a well-balanced, adequate diet.

The housewife's aim should be to include such foods as fish and lamb's fry and kidneys once a week, if possible. Two servings of vegetables—potatoes and a green leafy, yellow, or colored vegetable—should be given daily. Fruit should be included daily, preferably two servings, one to be oranges.

Children should have one and a half pints of milk per day if possible. If they cannot have at least one pint, mothers should make full use of cheese for sandwich fillings or savory dishes.

The following are points which militated against non-prizewinners:

- I realise eggs are expensive, but I think more use should have been made of them as breakfast dishes.
- Too much cake was included in children's lunches. It is not good for their teeth on account of excess sugar; a piece of fruit would counteract this.
- Where meat had been kept overnight or for two or three days, no mention of the type of chilling was given.
- Sandwich fillings lacked imagination and variety and were a little bit low on protein, such as eggs, cold meat, cheese, dried fruits, peanut butter.
- One rabbit was expected to do the family's dinner at night and lunches next day.

MISS ELAINE MIATT, B.Sc., acting chief dietitian of Sydney Hospital, holds her Diploma of Dietetics from the Royal Prince Alfred Hospital, Sydney.

- A shoulder of lamb roasted for Sunday's dinner was often stretched to Monday's lunch, Monday's main tea meal, and Tuesday's breakfast.
- Main breakfast dishes, mother's lunch at home, and sandwich fillings were often inadequate.
- The most use was not made of root vegetables, apart from potatoes and carrots.

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Life story of Mrs. Kasenkina

Continued from page 15

Reactions to anti-Soviet film

BUT one of my students, the 19-year-old Trofimov, when he heard me say of Lysenko's claim, "it would seem as if he has transformed the breeding of plants," dropped the remark:

"And why 'as if'?"

On another occasion the son of Gromyko spoke his mind. It was during a discussion of the various racial theories.

I maintained that it had been scientifically demonstrated that Negroes were on the same level of intellectual development as the other races.

The young Gromyko uttered one word: "*Poloshim* — you've got to show me."

That such heretical ideas were infecting the minds of the Soviet youth abroad was unquestionably known to the authorities, for each school has its own espionage net operated by the Komsomol.

This was undoubtedly a factor in the order from Moscow to discontinue the foreign schools.

Another consideration was, according to rumor, the drain upon the foreign exchange of the Soviet treasury.

As the weeks passed, I was looking about for some contact with the free world.

But I learned again how deep was the chasm which separated me from American life on March 8, 1948, Soviet Women's Day.

There was a reception in the Soviet Consulate, which a group of 20 American teachers attended.

The presence of these guests, who were obviously all either Communists or ardent Soviet admirers, made me feel more lonely than ever.

The thought that not one of these American colleagues understood what was going on in our hearts or knew the truth about the life of a Soviet teacher was crushing.

Not one of them offered the promise of mutual understanding. It was as if the iron curtain cut into my very being.

I left the reception in a state of despondency, rushed to my room, shut the door behind me, and cried until I fell asleep, exhausted.

I was awakened by a bang on the door. It was Zoya Porojniakov, who had been sent from the Consulate to check on me when my absence was discovered.

I decided not to respond to her knocks.

"If Zoya wants to find out whether I am sick," I reasoned, "she will stop knocking soon so as not to wake me, but if it is an N.K.V.D. assignment, she'll keep it up."

For an hour and a half Zoya kept pounding the door, calling me. I was determined to feign deep sleep.

"I won't open, I won't open," I kept saying to myself.

In the morning Zoya never said a word to me about her siege the night before. I, too, made no reference to it.

From this moment on the surveillance over me was intensified.

My conduct at the Consulate reception, with the closing of the school at the end of the term already scheduled, made me especially suspect.

The N.K.V.D.'s foreign staff is ever on the alert for possible defections.

I was like a person drowning in a sea of humanity. Yet as I was silently casting about for a rescuer I saw no one who could catch the terror in my heart and cast a line to save me.

About this time "The Iron Curtain," the film based on the experiences of Igor Gouzenko, the code clerk in Ottawa whose attempt to escape with his family from the Soviet visa led to the exposure of the Canadian spy ring, was being shown in New York.

I overheard my Communist guardians ridiculing the movie in conversation, and made up my mind there and then to see it as soon as possible.

Last spring, as the date of the closing of our school was drawing near and preparations were being made for our return to Soviet Russia, my distress grew from day to day.

During the two years I had spent in New York I had never been inside an American home, although I was surrounded by the friendliest and most hospitable people on earth.

But I had not been permitted to develop even a single acquaintanceship with an American neighbor.

On a rainy Sunday I slipped out of my room in the Porojniakov apartment and took a taxi to the theatre. I watched the picture as if in a trance, and could not leave my seat when the showing was over.

I stayed on to see it through a second time and saw it a third time days later.

Passing before me on the screen was a band of ruthless Soviet agents so typical of those who surrounded me in New York that I shuddered with fright.

They were cut of the same N.K.V.D. cloth of which the killers of my husband, the destroyers of my son, and my own persecutors were made.

The iron curtain behind which Gouzenko worked in the Soviet Embassy while he was plotting his heroic and daring escape seemed to be pressing against me.

But even closer to my own plight was Gouzenko's desperate attempt to make his situation understood by the Canadians about him.

How was it possible for Americans living in freedom to be so deaf and dumb to the cry for freedom within out hearts?

That Gouzenko could not find a responsive ear among the Canadian authorities was crushing.

And when he went to the newspaper office and the editors there could not even comprehend his frantic fears, thinking that he was slightly demented, I was appalled at the gulf separating me from the American people.

When I returned to the apartment, Zoya Porojniakov asked me where I had been all afternoon.

As nonchalantly as possible I remarked that I had gone to the school to wind up an accumulation of work on a day when I would not be interrupted. But I was eyed with suspicion.

The surveillance over me reached a point where Porojniakov, the Consulate secretary, would sneak into my room while I was in the bathroom to pick up any incriminating paper which I might have left for a moment lying around.

Of course, no such papers ever existed. Then one day he bluntly told me, after many vexatious proddings on the subject:

"You don't ever get any mail and you don't write any letters. It's very suspicious. What's the matter with you? Why don't you write to anyone?"

Not to be pestered any longer and to avert all suspicions of my designs, I penned a brief letter to a family of four, including their children, Vova, Yurik, Mischa, and Valia, who had befriended my son in Moscow.

I wrote them of my hope to see them soon, of my walks with them in the fields which I expected to repeat, and of my homesickness for our "beloved motherland."

I added that I would notify them of the date of my arrival.

The bait worked. I left the letter unsealed in my room, as if I had neglected to mail it in the midst of my preparations for our departure. After a while the letter vanished.

I began to seek feverishly ways and means of escaping to freedom, but proceeded to make purchases of articles which were not to be had in Moscow.

This also served to divert suspicion from me.

I did not even suspect myself that my colleagues, Mikhail Samarin and his w.fe, were at the same time planning their own escape.

I had come to know the Samarins, who had preceded me to the United States, and became attached to them and their children.

But we never dared to discuss political or social questions, let alone share such deep secrets in which our lives were at stake as our designs to remain in America.

I felt that Samarin was under special observation following an outburst which I witnessed.

He was studying English and had a collection of dictionaries in our school which he had neatly tied into a bundle.

When he came to pick it up, he found that the package had been broken, the books obviously gone over for hidden messages, and the whole parcel so loosely re-tied that he flew into a rage, threw the books on the floor, shouting:

"Swine!"

We knew that it was the work of Orlova. I was trembling. Samarin was pale as death. The director Andreyenko tried to calm him.

ABOUT this time, in the absence of Zoya Porojniakov, who was away in the country, a Soviet official from Cuba took up temporary quarters in our apartment with his wife and child.

To show her a little of New York, I walked over with the woman and her girl baby to Riverside Drive.

We sat down on a bench facing the Hudson River, admiring the scenery and talking about our shopping experiences.

Suddenly I became aware of a middle-aged man sitting on the bench near us and listening.

Our conversation was trivial and was not particularly interesting. The man spoke up in Russian:

"What beautiful Russian speech! I haven't heard anything like it in a long time."

We did not respond and left shortly afterwards. But I looked him over and decided that he was a person without evil intentions.

"Perhaps this man can help me?" it flashed through my mind. I decided to return to the same spot the following evening.

Every day brought me nearer to the dreaded sailing date of the Pobeda, the Soviet vessel which was to take a whole party of us back to our dark life. But I did not know where to turn for my salvation.

A couple of days after the incident with the stranger who had commented on our Russian diction, I returned to the spot of Riverside Drive where it occurred. The man was sitting on the same bench.

He asked me if I was not the woman he had heard talk Russian with a friend an evening or two earlier.

Continued on page 26

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Are you a victim of "SHOPPING FEVER"?

"Shopping Fever" is an insidious disease attacking many women—be they housewives, or career girls, young or not-so-young alike. If you suffer from this complaint, your *whole future* may be in danger.

Here are the symptoms:—Falling for "bargains," whether you need the articles or not . . . Panic buying whenever you see scarce goods on display . . . Inability to distinguish black from white market prices . . . Inability to stop spending once you're in a shop . . . Guilty feeling when you've bought some luxury item you could well do without.

Are *you* a victim? Beware, then, because "Shopping Fever" plays havoc with your income, eats into your savings, helps send prices higher.

Make this your Savings Plan for Security

1. Buy only what you really need. Spend wisely — get full value. Save all you can.
2. Pay no more than the fixed or regular prices.
3. Don't waste money on black-market goods.
4. Pay your way. Settle your debts. Buy for cash.
5. Invest your savings, at better than bank interest, in Commonwealth Bonds, Savings Certificates and Stamps. Hold all the Bonds and Certificates you own.

SEVEN GOOD REASONS FOR SAVING:—

1. **Save to carry out Future Plans.** These depend on money in most cases—save now for a home, for marriage, for holidays, for a feeling of security.
2. **Save for Better Values.** Save now, and later on, when shortages are overcome, you'll get better values, better quality for your money.
3. **Save to ward off Inflation.** Careless spending encourages inflation—which lowers living standards, endangers your future prosperity.
4. **Save to break up Blackmarkets.** When people won't buy, blackmarkets fold up.
5. **Save for your Children.** Your children depend on you for comfort, happiness and the right start in life. The money you save now will benefit them later.
6. **Save for Pleasure.** Prices are so high these days that there's no fun in *spending*—a good time costs too much. You can have plenty of fun without extravagance.
7. **Save for Happy Home Life.** Money troubles stir up strife, make nagging wives and irritable husbands.

SAVE FOR SECURITY

BUY BONDS AND SAVINGS CERTIFICATES

Important Information about

WAR SAVINGS CERTIFICATES BOUGHT IN 1941

These 7-year War Savings Certificates mature this year. Don't cash them! Retain them and they will continue to increase in value at better than bank rates of interest.

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AT WHITE CITY. Jill Soloman and Geoff Peacock attend White City to watch professional tennis matches with U.S. professionals, Jack Kramer, Bobby Riggs, Pancho Segura, Australian Dinny Pails.

VISIT TO ADELAIDE for Barbara Saxton (right) when she sails in Orontes with her American cousin, Janet Saxton, for visit to other State. Janet is visiting Australia for six months.

CELEBRATION. Mr. and Mrs. Marshall Ney dine at Prince's before going on to first of "The Paragon" at the Minerva Theatre when Mrs. Ney celebrates her birthday.

PLANNING PARTY. Evie Hayes discusses Food for Babies Fund radio party with hon. secretary of Fund, Mary Conrick, in Evie's dressing-room after matinee performance of "Annie Get Your Gun." Grand finale of drive for funds is Christmas Frivolity to be held at White City on December 10.

Intimate Jottings

ATTRACTIVE Sydney lass, Lorraine See, sends letter packed with news to her mother, Mrs. Harry See, telling her all about Australians in Washington and New York.

Lorraine, who is graduate of Sydney University and has B.A. and B.Sc. degrees, has interesting job with Scientific Bureau of the British Embassy in Washington.

Great friends of the See family, Grace and Stuart ("Mac") McFarlane, of Canberra, are living at the Shoreham Hotel, and Lorraine has secured lovely flat just opposite.

"Mac," who was secretary of the Treasury, has appointment in Washington with the International World Bank.

Another Australian that Lorraine sees quite a lot of in Washington is Betty Conley, the former Betty Considine, of Sydney, and her husband, Lieut.-Commander Bill Conley, U.S. Navy.

For company in her flat Lorraine is at present "official minder" of Amber and Gus Lightfoot Walker's pet Sealyham pooch, Snooky, while they are away in Europe.

Recently Lorraine spent the weekend in New York and while there met Ray Lyons from Sydney, with whom she worked at the Kanematsu Institute at Sydney Hospital. With other Australians, Lorraine and Ray did lots of sightseeing in New York.

• • •

GAY foursome at Christy's when Shirley Wilson, of Moree, and her fiance, Graham Barnes, celebrate with Graham's sister and her husband, Mr. and Mrs. Bram Rijnberg. Lyndall and Bram have returned here from Holland to make their home.

LUNCHING AT ROMANO'S. John Crumpton and his bride, formerly Barbara Farncomb, lunch in town at Romano's when they return from honeymoon at Forster. Couple were recently married at Church of the Holy Family, Lindfield.

QUIRINDI COUPLE. John Simson, of Moreduval, Quirindi, and bride, formerly Judy McDonald, of Red Brae, Quirindi, leave All Saints', Woollahra, after wedding. Judy is only daughter of the R. A. McDonalds.

COUNTRY INTEREST. Ray Weinthal and his bride, formerly Noel Ryrie, at reception at Dr. and Mrs. John Laidley's flat after Ray and Noel wed at St. Mark's. Bride is daughter of Mrs. F. L. Ryrie, of Narromine, and late Mr. Frank Ryrie. Couple will make their future home at Ardgour, Quirindi.

PRETTY BRIDE. Mrs. Cecil Keen leaves St. Mary Magdalene's, Rose Bay, on arm of her husband after wedding. Bride, formerly Arlow Egan, second daughter of Mrs. Egan, of Rose Bay, formerly of Kiameron, Warren, and late Mr. F. B. Egan. Cecil is son of the J. Keens, Retreat, Goondiwindi.

GREAT excitement for Mrs. Doris McLeod when she has telephone call from her daughter, Heather Cogswell, from Colorado Springs, telling her that she has baby daughter, and will name her Heather Frances. Mrs. McLeod tells me Heather is thrilled to have daughter to keep her two sons, Bill Campbell and Doug Cogswell, company. Early next year Mrs. McLeod hopes to fly to America to visit Walter and Heather, by which time they expect to be established in a new home.

• • •

THEY'RE announcing their engagements: Barbara Davidson, younger daughter of Dr. and Mrs. A. M. Davidson, of Enmore, to David John, younger son of Mr. and Mrs. W. C. F. John, of Beckenham, Kent, England. Barbara trained at Royal North Shore in Sydney, and is now nursing in a hospital in Greenwich. She met David during war years, when he came to Australia as a lieutenant in the R.N. . . . Muriel Carter, of Oakfield, Rouchel Brook, to Victor McFadyen, of Armidale. Muriel is only daughter of Mr. and Mrs. J. F. Carter. She is wearing Indian sapphire with diamond shoulders . . . Betty Wilkinson and Bill Jeanneret, of Cooma, announce engagement at buffet cocktail party at home of Betty's mother, Mrs. W. Wilkinson, of Wollstonecraft.

• • •

THOUGHTS of Christmas loom near when I hear from committee of R.A.N. children's Christmas party that date is only about a month away—December 22. Party will be held at the Trocadero and tickets will be available from Lady Almoner of R.A.N. Relief Fund, Room 819, 8th Floor, Grace Building, from November 15 to November 26 (excepting Saturday and Sunday), between 12.30 and 5 p.m. Those wishing their children to go must bring their allotment cards.

• • •

CATCH glimpse of young Sydney dress designer Roberta Bell and fiance John Osborne dining at Romano's, celebrating announcement of their engagement. Roberta is wearing star sapphire set in diamonds, which she designed herself.

INTERSTATE interest in wedding of Margaret Angas, of Hill River station, Clare, South Australia, and Alan Hamer, of Victoria, when couple marry at St. Barnabas' Church, Clare. Margaret, who is first woman in Sydney University's history to receive degree in aeronautical engineering, has strong historical link with South Australia. She is great-great-granddaughter of George Fife Angas, "Father and Founder of the State," who came to Australia from England in 1850 after many years of preliminary work for the establishment of the colony.

Alan, who was Rhodes Scholar in 1938, is chemical engineer. Margaret hopes to continue post-graduate work at Sydney University.

• • •

CONGRATULATIONS and wedding gifts rolling in for Grevor Hall and his pretty bride, formerly Enid Fyson, who marry at Shore Chapel. Enid was attended by her two pretty sisters, Mrs. John Goddard and Mrs. Max Woods. Another young couple who are also receiving congratulations are Peter Taylor and his bride, formerly Mollie Moore, who marry at St. Anne's, Strathfield. Mollie and Peter will make their home at Narrabri when they return from honeymoon at Surfers' Paradise.

• • •

CANBERRA interest in wedding of talented young pianist, Estelle Peters, only daughter of Mr. and Mrs. A. R. Peters, of Forrest, Canberra, when she marries at Heaton Moor Congregational Church, Stockport, Cheshire, England, Roger Catlow. Estelle was given away by her cousin, Jack Harris, of Preston. Bridesmaids were Beryl Catlow, sister of the bridegroom, and Mary Hooper, of Wahroonga.

• • •

OFF to the Northern Territory is Betty Spain, who will take up appointment as matron of Tennant Creek Hospital. Betty was formerly nursing at Darwin General Hospital. She has been holidaying with her mother, Mrs. M. G. Spain, of Rose Bay, before taking up new appointment.

Joyce

NSW

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Hollywood Stars

YVONNE DE CARLO (Universal International), whose recent films all have been in technicolor, has begun a new drama, "Bagdad," in which she co-stars with Tony Martin.

VIVECA LINDFORS (Warners) came to Hollywood from Sweden in 1946. After her first film, "To The Victor," with Dennis Morgan, she received a long-term contract.

BARBARA BATES (Warners) is one of the studio's most promising actresses. She has a role in the technicolor musical, "Romance on the High Seas," and at present is playing in the Errol Flynn drama, "The Adventures of Don Juan." Another musical comedy, "April Showers," will make her third film in a year.

COLEEN GRAY (Twentieth Century-Fox) was a waitress in a Hollywood cafe before she got her film chance, when she was co-starred with Victor Mature in the thriller, "Kiss of Death." Originally a blonde, she became brunette for film work. Married to Rodney Amateau, she has a daughter, Susan, born in 1946. Her next film will be a drama, "Sand."

All the flame and fury of a tempestuous love . . . Van HEFLIN — Susan HAYWARD in "TAP ROOTS."

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HERE'S MARVELLOUS LIPSTICK VALUE

7 Lush New American Shades

"DITHER"—cool, shimmering, romantic pink.
"HEART THROB"—the dreamy lipstick shade to make hearts beat faster.
"BLACK BLAZE"—a triumph of dark, magnetic colour.
"DARK SECRET"—it's deep, dark, heady as wine.
"BEAU BAIT"—a full, captivating crimson tone.
"RASCAL RED"—clear, flaming, tantalising red.
"HONEY"—lighthearted, golden-red for golden moments.

Thrilling New Satin-Smooth Texture

Blessings on POND'S "LIPS." They'll break a man's heart clean in two, but they'll never let *you* down—because they go on so smoothly, stay on . . . and on . . . and on! Faithful to the last dance—the last kiss.

Stays on . . .
and on . . .
. . . and on!

Big Lipstick only 2/3

POND'S "LIPS"

AT ALL CHEMISTS AND STORES

500 LITTLE MOTHERS WANTED

For these darling "JOY" DOLLS!

Please Post NOW—secure a "JOY" DOLL for YOUR little girl!

HERE's the loveliest gift a little girl could wish for . . . a "JOY" doll . . . a lifelike, baby-size doll that says "Ma-Ma," shuts her pretty blue eyes and goes to sleep . . . the dearest, cuddliest doll that will delight every little mother lucky enough to own one.

FIRST RELEASE IN AUSTRALIA — Limited Supplies!

Only a limited quantity of the first "JOY" dolls to be received from the manufacturer are available for direct sale to the public. These dolls are exceptional value—almost unbreakable composition head, legs, and arms, cuddly body, hand-painted features with curls, daintily dressed in pretty pastel silk frock, trimmed with lace, with undies, and stands 18 inches high in her leather shoes. The price is only £2 post extra, but HURRY with your order—supplies are limited! Secure a "JOY" doll NOW!

Satisfaction or Money Back!

Hurry for Xmas!

By posting your order immediately you will secure a "JOY" doll for Christmas. Supplies are limited. Absolute satisfaction is guaranteed or money refunded in full.

World Wide Mail Order Pty. Ltd. (Dept. 28)
24 Clarence St., Sydney.

Enclosed is £2/-/- (complete cost), postage and packing 2/6 extra, for one "JOY" DOLL.

Name .....

Address .....

☐ ..... Please send C.O.D. 20/11/48.

Life story of Mrs. Kasenkina

Continued from page 22

WHEN I replied in the affirmative, he told me that he had come to America from the Ukraine during the first World War.

My heart leaped. Here, I thought, was someone who spoke my language and who might understand me. But I had to be very careful, as I knew that the N.K.V.D. vigilance had been increased of late.

To test him, I led the conversation to such subjects as Russia's part in the war.

As a protection, in the event this man turned out to be a secret Soviet agent, I sang the praises of our heroic fighters.

The stranger seemed sympathetic enough when we ranged over many subjects, but I was torn between an urge to tell all and fear that I might land in a trap.

When he invited me to join him for a cold drink at a soda fountain, I impulsively replied: "No, no. They are watching me."

The stranger laughingly reminded me that I was in America, and asked me up to his little apartment nearby for a drink of water.

I felt that the ice could not be broken that evening.

He invited me to come back for a Russian meal a few days later, and put his name on a card.

It was Dr. Alexander Kojansky.

I could not make up my mind what to do. During the preceding weeks, when I would go out in the evening for a breath of air I would sometimes sit on a bench at 89th Street and Central Park.

Among the habitual strollers in the neighborhood was a man in the late forties, who, after observing me on several occasions, spoke to me once:

"I know you're Russian. I've seen you here often."

With difficulty I explained to him in broken English that I was a teacher and was due to return to Russia soon. Although he had every earmark of being a native American, I was suspicious.

Our exchanges were brief. During our second encounter, he said to me:

"Russia—no good. Don't go back. Everything O.K. here."

I was clinging even to this straw when the evening of Dr. Kojansky's dinner arrived.

After all, I figured, he had emigrated from Russia and had brought over a sister, as he had informed me, from the Soviet Union.

He must have known of the life there. I decided to confide my plight to him.

As soon as I entered Dr. Kojansky's apartment I burst out with my story.

I asked for his advice, telling him that I loved America, that I had no one in Russia to go back to, and that my boat was scheduled to sail within a matter of days.

My host was obviously astonished and unresponsive.

My fright did not touch him, and it was evident that he did not comprehend my distress. Shaken and crushed, I stalked out of his place.

By this time nearly all my money which I had saved during my two years of teaching in America had been converted by me into clothes and other articles to take with me to Russia.

It was dangerous to possess dollars in the Soviet Union and also useless, whereas goods from abroad could always be exchanged for food.

In the course of my shopping tour, I lost 70 dollars (£23) in cash, but that worried me little.

I was anxious to pile up in my room enough goods to convince the Porojniakovs and the other Soviet hounds that I was getting ready to sail for home.

The Soviet Consulate held a farewell party for the departing group. My colleagues, the Samarins, were not present.

Last-minute appeal for help

This astonished me. I felt that unwittingly the Samarins had sounded an alarm by their demonstrative absence.

It was to be a gay evening, but my mood was one of bitterness.

I recall a conversation carried on by a few of the women on the cold war. Usually abstaining from any political discussion, I chimed in this time with some observation.

"And what do you know about the cold war?" one of the N.K.V.D. wives asked contemptuously.

"And why shouldn't I? For two years I have endured a cold war at your hands."

The atmosphere became repulsive to me. There was drinking and singing. All the signs pointed to an orgy.

I had a bite and slipped out, going up to my favorite haunt at Central Park.

My American acquaintance was there, and greeted me. Once more he repeated the injunction about Russia being "no good" and that I should stay in America.

I could not converse with him freely, and when he escorted me a short distance on the way home, I asked him: "Who are you?"

He gave me the name of "Leo Costello," which I jotted down on the cover of a packet of matches.

I never saw this man or Dr. Kojansky again.

Finding myself impaled upon the horns of a life-and-death dilemma, the fear was always with me that I might fall into the wrong hands.

At the Porojniakov apartment the following day a remark was dropped to me casually about the Samarins.

It was accompanied by a searching look. They lived a number of blocks farther up the West Side of Manhattan.

Several times, in the closing days of July, before the Pobeda was due to sail on Saturday, the 31st, I observed the Soviet Consul's car in the neighborhood.

I was sure that they were checking on the movements of the Samarins.

Then one day I was startled out of my wits when I ran straight into Consul-General Yakov Lomakin stepping out of a cigar store.

"Yakov Mikhailovich, what are you doing here?"

"I like your street," he answered curtly and made off.

Time was running out. If I was to remain in America, I would have to act resolutely and quickly.

Only two days remained until the scheduled sailing of the Pobeda, taking me back to Russia.

I was like a person being swept by a tide out into the open sea. Although I was at the very shore, I could find no anchorage.

The evening of Wednesday, July 28, I telephoned the Russian language newspaper, the "Novoye Russkoye Slovo."

Perhaps I was influenced in this by the act of Igor Gouzenko, my compatriot in Canada, when he went to the Ottawa newspaper in his critical hour, as I had learned from seeing "The Iron Curtain."

Without identifying myself and disclosing the object of my call, I inquired if the editor, Mr. Mark Weinbaum, was in the office.

I was told that he had left, but would be at his desk the next day.

Although I knew the paper was anti-Communist, I asked if there were any Communists around the place.

Thursday morning I cautiously made my way to the offices of Mr. Weinbaum, who received me instantly. He understood my situation as soon as I nervously recited to him a few salient facts.

He was the first man I had met in the United States to inspire me with confidence.

He suggested that Vladimir Zenzinov, a freelance Russian journalist, would be in a position to give time to my rescue.

Continued on page 28

CROSSWORD CONTEST NO. 16

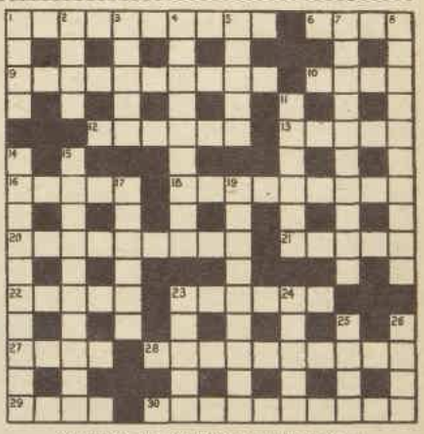
ACROSS

1. The daring shown if you force open with a lever and go inside first (10).
6. May pave the way for a flier (4).
9. I am a success in the exam, though a naughty child and a fool—and skilful, but can't be got through! (10).
10. To (4).
12. Power is over in Tyre (6).
13. Material is no prohibition to a Bantu belle, but begone (5).
16. Look back to one found in the seas getting a stomach ache (5).
18. Twice one are two inside, and what follows the multiplication makes you easily annoyed (9).
20. Rogue grit (anagram) (9).
21. Quite plain (5).
22. Ruffled stuff that may make you creep (5).
23. Hinders Edward when he turns up, and Peter's no favorite (6).
27. One gives you a metal turnover (4).
28. Describes Ernie Toshack making up new rip lobs? (4, 6).
29. Take a deep weary breath (4).
30. Briefly, a title in fiery surroundings. To possess it is a disguise for an old Australian capital (8, 4).

DOWN

1. Departure is a late thing (4).
2. The red variety is obstructionist (4).
3. Heavens, Rhode Island is leading. That's dangerous! (5).
4. Shortly each boy should be put in the boxing arena for argumentation (9).
5. Ointment auction which five enter into (5).
7. The scattering of rubble under the earth as described by seamen? (10).
8. Bird to make a mistake is taken in by a sweet fool (10).
11. It disturbs radio programmes still (6).
14. Account written briefly to an enemy put up by member's associations as one of the pack (3, 2, 5).
15. Sliding it, girl gets into cast (10).
17. Herbs are sea bee's homes (6).
19. Nag to roar (anagram) (9).
23. N.S.W. town is apt centre to do out (5).
24. Chanticleer is not finished making his night quarters (5).
25. Type of singing voice (4).
26. Poetic state of a meringue centre (4).

£10, £5, and £2 will be awarded for first, second, and third correct solutions opened. Mark envelope Crossword No. 16 and address The Australian Women's Weekly, Box 4088W, G.P.O., Sydney. Entries close November 26, prizes and solution in issue of December 18.



SOLUTION TO CROSSWORD CONTEST No. 12

ACROSS: 1—Chap-ist. 5—Win-some. 9—As-pen. 10—Readdress. 11—Tar. 12—Ho-use. 13—Hyena (anag.). 14—Regal (lager turned). 16—Eaves-drop. 19—Di-as-enter (I'd turned). 20—D/ope/d. 23—Lance (hidden). 24—Sp-ill. 26—Co-w (uu). 27—Fun-i-cular (anag. a curl). 29—Thong. 30—Lottery (anagram). 31—Spenser.

DOWN: 1—C-hatter. 2—A-spa-ragus (sugar turned). 3—Lunch. 4—Turbulent. 5—W/hal/e. 6—Ned (den turned). 7—Obese (anag.). 8—Enstamp. 13—Hosed. 15—Lie-ge. 17—Verdi-gr-is. 18—Rap-acious. 19—Doleful. 21—Do-wager. 23—No-net. 24—Sulky. 25—Lit-he. 28—Cue.

PRIZES FOR CROSSWORD No. 12: £10 to Mr. W. A. Davis, Royal Sydney Industrial Blind Institution, William St., Sydney; £5 to Mrs. H. G. Bryant, Winkie, River Murray, S.A.; £2 to Mrs. L. D. Meyin, 27 Elizabeth St., Elsternwick S4, Vic.

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DOCTORS PROVE THE PALMOLIVE PLAN

brings 2 out of 3 women

Lovelier Skin in 14 days!

"I felt I could be a prettier picture!" says Mrs. G. Brown, of Concord, N.S.W. "My skin was so oily and dull I felt it spoiled my appearance. I was completely discouraged! Then, out of the blue, came a chance to try the 14-Day Palmolive Plan, under a specialist's supervision. I had already tried other things, but they hadn't helped . . .

"But what can I lose?" I said to myself, and off I went to become one of a group of women making the test. We were a very mixed group — some, like me, with oily skins; others with dry; some just normal. After a careful skin examination by the doctor, we were given the Palmolive Plan to use at home for 14 days.

"Here's all you do: Wash your face with gentle Palmolive Soap. Then, for 60 seconds, massage with the soft, lovely lather. Rinse well! Do this twice a day for 14 days. This cleansing massage brings you Palmolive's full beautifying effect. After 14 days — well, it was surprising! My doctor reported that my skin was far less oily. It was cleaner and clearer, too, and my make-up went on so much better."

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You, too, may look for these Skin improvements in only 14 days!

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"My skin became less oily," reports Miss Donnelly, of Chatswood, N.S.W. Excessive oiliness often leaves skin blotchy-looking . . . robs it of that clear, lovely look. The Palmolive Plan brought definite gains to 88% of the women who had oily skin. See if it won't help *your* skin become less oily . . . clearer.

Less coarse-looking — smoother

"Skin less coarse-looking in just 14 days," reports Mrs. M. McIndoe, of Rozelle, N.S.W. The doctors reported that almost two-thirds of the women tested won smoother-looking skin. Reason enough for every woman who longs for a younger-looking complexion to start the Palmolive Plan to-day!

Fewer tiny blemishes

Tiny blemishes — incipient blackheads, often caused by improper cleansing, respond in most cases to the 14-Day Palmolive Plan. "My skin improved a lot," says Miss G. Barrington, of Bondi Junction. The doctors found finer-looking, clearer skins in more than half of the cases tested. See what Palmolive can do for you!

Fresher, brighter colour

"Skin brighter, healthier," reports Mrs. F. Campbell, of Bankstown, N.S.W., after testing the 14-Day Palmolive Plan. The examining specialists report this same important skin improvement in two out of three of the women tested. See if this Plan brings you a fresher, healthier skin . . . and in only 14 days!

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The reason why De Witt's Antacid Powder brings speedy relief is because it has a *three-fold* action. Firstly, excess acid is immediately neutralised. Secondly, a soothing and protecting layer is spread over the inflamed and delicate stomach lining. Thirdly, special ingredients ensure relief over a protracted period.

Get a canister of De Witt's Antacid Powder in *your* home right away and face all future meals with relish and confidence. **For economy,** ask for the giant 4/6 size of De Witt's Antacid Powder which contains two and a half times the quantity contained in the 2/6 size.

De Witt's

ANTACID POWDER

Neutralises Acid - Soothes Stomach - Relieves Pain

Life story of Mrs. Kasenkina

Continued from page 26

I HAD never heard of Zenzinov, although he had a high reputation as revolutionist in Czarist days.

Mr. Weinbaum assured me that I would be in safe hands. After telephoning Mr. Zenzinov, he sent me to his home on Riverside Drive.

I knew I was walking a tightrope by establishing contacts with anti-Communist elements.

Mr. Zenzinov showed himself as sympathetic to my plight as his friend the editor.

The circumstances under which Mr. Zenzinov lived in one room did not bespeak affluence.

I poured out my heart to him, and he told me that he was sure arrangements could be made to put me in a safe place.

He described to me the work of the Tolstoy Foundation to aid refugees from Soviet oppression, and the farm which was operated by Countess Alexandra Tolstoy, the favorite daughter of the great Russian writer.

Mr. Zenzinov got in touch with Countess Tolstoy at her office in New York, and that afternoon we went down for an interview.

Alexandra Tolstoy, too, displayed the tenderest sympathy for me.

At last, I felt, I was among people who understood me, who had bonds with America, and who could guide me to a new life.

It was arranged that I continue living with the Porojniakovs until Saturday morning, when I would leave for the pier of the Poboda.

But, instead of going to the boat, I would go to Zenzinov's place and he would then accompany me to the Reed Farm of the Tolstoy Foundation, 20 miles out of New York.

Friday evening, the night before my scheduled sailing, Porojniakov came home from the Consulate, where he served as secretary, unusually early.

I was jittery and suspicious. He looked over the bundles and the suitcases in my room, and asked me how many heavy pieces I had sent off to the express company.

I was wondering if my surreptitious visits to the anti-Soviet Russians had been spotted.

I retired late that night. As was my habit, I went into the kitchen to get something out of our common refrigerator for a snack.

I was known as a light sleeper. The slightest noise would awaken me. I had the reputation of never being late at school.

That night I slept like a drugged person. Not once did I wake up.

And when I rose in the morning, my head was as heavy as lead.

When I emerged from my room, Porojniakov was already about, an unusual procedure for him.

He stared at me intently, and then called my attention to a couple of red marks on my right arm.

I looked at them in astonishment, not having been aware of them before.

"Oh, it's just nerves; must be a rash," I remarked, dismissing the matter.

It was only many days later, when I was already recovering from my injuries in the Roosevelt Hospital, that my experiences during that night assumed a sinister significance.

The note of Molotov to the United States Ambassador was read to me, in which the Soviet Foreign Minister had put special emphasis on the cause of the spots on my arm as they were exhibited to the Press while I was held at the Soviet Consulate.

I then recalled my condition during the night of July 30.

Molotov accused my imaginary abductors of "violently administering a narcotic substance to Kasenkina clearly with the purpose of weakening her will."

This fantastic invention provided a clue to the mystery of those marks on my arm.

If Porojniakov had slipped some drug into my food, inducing deep sleep, it would have been no problem for him to enter my room and administer hypodermic injections.

After all, in the show trials of the Great Purge, the official Soviet records cite evidence of the N.K.V.D. use of such methods.

Came the critical morning of July 31. I bade good-bye to Porojniakov, and left by cab for the pier.

Porojniakov said that he would be at the boat later.

On the way I had fears of possible pursuers. I proceeded to Zenzinov's apartment, where he awaited me.

My tension must have been near the breaking point.

Most of my hand luggage I left in Mr. Zenzinov's place, where it is still reposing at this writing.

The suggestion was made that I spend the week-end in a New York hotel, but this terrified me. I wanted to get out of New York as quickly as possible.

Nearly all my savings had been sunk in articles which were at that moment being loaded on to the Soviet vessel.

Mr. Zenzinov and I travelled by motor bus to the farm.

When I arrived at the restful Reed Farm, to be welcomed by the gracious Alexandra Tolstoy, I thought that my woes had come to an end.

I had longed for an American atmosphere when I broke away from my Soviet guardians, but I was plunged into a stifling Russian atmosphere when I settled down at the Reed Farm.

Refuge at farm

Despite the angelic character of Countess Alexandra Tolstoy, who, unfortunately, was away most of the time at her New York offices, I found myself under suspicion and surveillance at the institution—this time as a Soviet spy!

Upon my arrival at the farm, Countess Tolstoy and Vladimir Zenzinov, who had brought me there, examined my passport and found that my visa to remain in the U.S. was valid for some time.

Miss Tolstoy then told me that she would get in touch with the proper authorities to ensure my continued legal residence.

We had a heart-to-heart talk, and I was installed in a comfortable room for the night.

I was given an assumed name, under which I was to live on the farm. Miss Tolstoy also cautioned me not to discuss my affairs and to do as little talking as possible.

There were close on a hundred inmates in the place, of both sexes and of all ages and stations in life.

Most of them had left Russia in the first refugee wave after the Bolshevik Revolution some thirty years ago, and included members of the nobility and the old military class.

I became an object of instant curiosity, especially when I was transferred the following day to the screened porch which I shared with the supervisor of the establishment, Martha Andreyevna Knutson, an experienced and admirable social worker.

I was assigned to work in the kitchen.

Looking back upon the events of those days, I now realise that I had arrived at the farm in a highly nervous state.

I should have begged off from unaccustomed toil until I had had a rest.

I knew that my not showing up at the sailing of the Soviet ship would lead to a widespread hunt for me.

The drudgery in the mass production kitchen, whether it was peeling potatoes or shelling eggs, was irritating. I would have preferred a factory job.

One day Mrs. Knutson even remarked to me: "I can see you're not used to kitchen chores. Who took care of you all your life?"

"I've been a teacher all my life," I replied, "and the kitchen was not one of my specialities."

Continued on page 36

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WINN
• CHOCOLATES
• VITABIES
• MINTS

We Want McBride

Continued from page 9

As McBride chased me round the lawn I yelled, "It's shocking the things that go on in this State. Do you know," I asked, vaulting an iron deer, "that there are boats for rent that are not seaworthy? What we need," I said, flattening a tulip bed, "is a strong man as governor. A man subject neither," I said, capsizing a deck chair, "to fear nor favoritism; a man"—he was getting pretty winded—"who will protect the weal of the people; in short"—he sat abruptly on the grass—"a man like you."

"Spencer," he gasped, "now what have you done?"

"An accident," I replied. "The kind of accident that will not be allowed to happen in your administration."

"Spencer, this is positively the last time that——"

"Yes, sir. It will never happen again. Now I must get home and do some studying for that fascinating political science course. Goodnight."

The next night at the dance I was firm. "We are leaving," I told Pearl, "at nine-thirty."

And promptly at nine-thirty we left. I drove carefully away from the kerb. I signalled all turns, stopped for all lights, passed no cars, kept both hands on the wheel, and never let the speedometer needle get above 25. Halfway home the motor coughed and died.

I displayed admirable calm. "Pearl," I said, "let us keep our heads. It is twenty minutes before ten. We are a mile from your house. We will get out of the car and walk."

"In these shoes?" asked Pearl, pointing at a pair of flimsy gold things with an arch like a ski-slide.

"You can take them off and go barefoot. Or, if you prefer, I'll carry you. In either case, we are leaving immediately. Come on."

"Aren't you even going to lift up the hood and look at the motor?" she asked.

"I don't know any more about motors than I do about the Koran," I said.

She got out of the car. "Come on, Spencer; let's take a look at the motor. Maybe we'll see something loose or something."

"Oh, all right." I opened the hood and we peered inside. "All right, Pearl. We'll start walking now."

"Just a minute, Spencer. I think I see something loose. Look at this little thing over by that little thing."

I looked at this little thing, and, sure enough, it did seem to have come loose. I fastened it with a pin.

"Now start the car, Spencer. I'll watch."

I got back behind the wheel. I stepped on the starter, remembering just too late that the tip of her long, frilly sleeve was resting on the fan belt. There was a ripping and tearing and a pinwheel of flying taffeta.

"It started! It started!" she cried, standing in the street in her underwear.

Uncle Emmett was nowhere in sight when I escorted Pearl up the path, she rakishly dressed in a seat cover. She slipped into the house. I started tiptoeing back to the car. Then I saw him. Or, rather, I saw a garage door racing toward me like an express train. I executed a twenty-foot standing broad jump, landed on all fours, ripped the knees out of my rented tux, leaped into the car, and set a world's record for speed in first gear.

For the next several days Pearl and I saw each other only by daylight, and when I took her home I dropped her off six blocks away. It was very unsatisfactory.

Then one day, before our political science class, Pearl ran up to me in a state of high excitement. "I've got an idea," she said. "Listen, Spencer, what does Uncle Emmett want most in the world?"

"To hit me with a garage door, and to be governor."

Pearl said, "Exactly—the last. And there's nothing he won't do for anybody who can make him governor."

She prodded my chest with her forefinger. "Spencer, you are going to do it. Not real governor. Mock governor."

"What's that?" I asked, as the bell rang for the start of the political science class. "Let's cut class," I suggested, "and you tell me all about it."

She said, "No, we've got to go to class. That's part of the plan."

I shrugged and followed her in. For an hour I nodded through Professor Pomfritt's lecture. When class was over I asked Pearl, "Now what?"

"Now we see Professor Pomfritt."

"What are we going to do with him?"

"First we'll flatter him."

"That," I said, "seems to be the standard approach with you."

I followed Pearl up to the lectern, where Professor Pomfritt was gathering up his notes and wondering how he was going to live out the year on his salary.

"Professor Pomfritt," said Pearl, "we want to tell you how much we've been enjoying your lectures. Haven't, we, Spencer?"

"Yeah," I said.

"Well, thank you, thank you," crowed the professor, his little old eyes crinkling with pleasure.

"We think you give the most stimulating lectures on campus. Don't we, Spencer?"

"Yeah," I said.

"You should have heard me twenty years ago when my lecture notes were still legible," said the professor. He started to move off, but Pearl grabbed his elbow.

"Professor, as you know, a new governor will be elected next fall, and there's been a lot of talk about it among the students."

> *"When danger comes in an honorable way a woman's heart grows chill with fear; but if she is doing a bold bad thing her courage never fails."* —Juvenal, Satires.

"So that's what they all talk about while I'm lecturing," reflected the professor.

"Your inspirational teaching," said Pearl, taking a deep breath, "has got us all so interested in politics that we can't think of anything else. If I may make a suggestion, why not hold a mock election in class? It would be good, practical exercise in political science."

The professor looked doubtful. "I don't know. I've never done anything like this before."

"Don't you worry," Pearl reassured him. "I'll take care of everything. We'll have the mock election on Friday. Good-bye, Professor, and we wish we had more teachers like you. Don't we, Spencer?"

We left the professor and went outside. "Now," said Pearl, "let's get busy. I'll go round to the newspapers and see that they send reporters. You start working on your speech."

"My speech?"

"You are going to nominate Uncle Emmett with a great, stirring speech."

"About him? That's a good trick. Tell me something about him. Maybe he has an attractive side that I haven't noticed. What about his education?"

"He quit school in the fifth grade," said Pearl. "He was eighteen and so big that all the other kids used to laugh at him."

"Hm," I said. "Well, maybe that's not so bad. So he didn't have an education. He went to work, rose from the ranks, rags to riches. That's good stuff—a self-made man."

"No," said Pearl. "His father left him the business. I know—why don't you say something like this: In times of reconstruction we need a construction man?"

She began to get into her stride. "Even if Uncle Emmett did inherit the business, you can show that it was his own business ability that made it pay off. He's made piles of money. I'll dig up some facts and figures. You will cite evidence to prove what he has built and how much he has earned."

"It might work," I allowed.

"It will work, and Uncle Emmett will read all about your speech in the papers and he will welcome you back like a long-lost son."

"What are we waiting for?" I said.

By election time on Friday we were ready. Pearl had alerted the newspapers. I had composed an eloquent speech based on data that Pearl had copied from a ledger she found in her uncle's desk. Our plans were well laid and synchronised.

Pearl, the self-appointed chairwoman, stepped to the lectern. At a table on the side of the room sat a dozen reporters, about whom Professor Pomfritt hovered like a genial bee. The students were in a festive mood. Pearl rapped for silence.

"Nominations," she said, "are now in order."

I stood and was recognised.

"Ladies and gentlemen," said I, loud and clear, "I want to tell you about a fellow citizen named Emmett McBride. Emmett McBride is in the construction business. In the last few years Emmett McBride has constructed the following edifices at the following profits." I reeled off an impressive list of buildings and figures.

"Hooray!" shouted Pearl from the chair.

"I mention these figures," I said, "to prove two things: First, that Emmett McBride is a construction man. Second, that Emmett McBride is a businessman."

"Hooray!" shouted Pearl from the chair.

"In these days," I went on, "do we want a politician in the governor's mansion?"

"No!" shouted Pearl from the chair.

"Do we want a theorist? Do we want a visionary?"

"No!" shouted Pearl from the chair.

"What do we want?"

"A construction man and a businessman," shouted Pearl from the chair.

"Exactly," I said. "And since we can't have two governors, we must find a man who is both a construction man and a businessman. Emmett McBride is both. We want Emmett McBride in the governor's mansion—that's who we want."

"Hooray!" shouted Pearl from the chair, and from the students the cry came back, "Hooray!"

Before the mounting cheers could get out of control, Pearl shouted, "I move that McBride be elected by acclamation."

"You can't make a motion from the chair," cried some finicky parliamentarian, but his voice was lost as the entire assemblage in full-throated uproar acclaimed Emmett McBride the victor.

Then I was hoisted on several shoulders and carried around the room. "Uncle Emmett will love you," yelled Pearl as I was carried past her.

"How about his niece?" I asked as I circled her the second time, and she nodded energetically and blew kisses.

"I'll be over to-morrow morning—after he's had a chance to read the papers," I said, the third time around. . . .

It was all on the front pages the next morning, and I drove to Pearl's house, whistling all the way. I walked boldly up the path, threw open the door without knocking, and called cheerily. "Where is lovable old Uncle Emmett?"

Pearl, lying prone on the living-room sofa, lifted a tearstained face. She looked at me for an instant, then scrambled to her feet. "Run for your life," she cried. "Leave the city. Leave the State. Leave the country."

"What's the gag?" I asked, mystified.

"Hurry! Uncle Emmett will be home any minute. He's already raised his bail."

"Bail?"

"You read the papers, Spencer—all those figures you gave about Uncle Emmett's profits."

"So?"

"So they arrested him this morning for income tax evasion."

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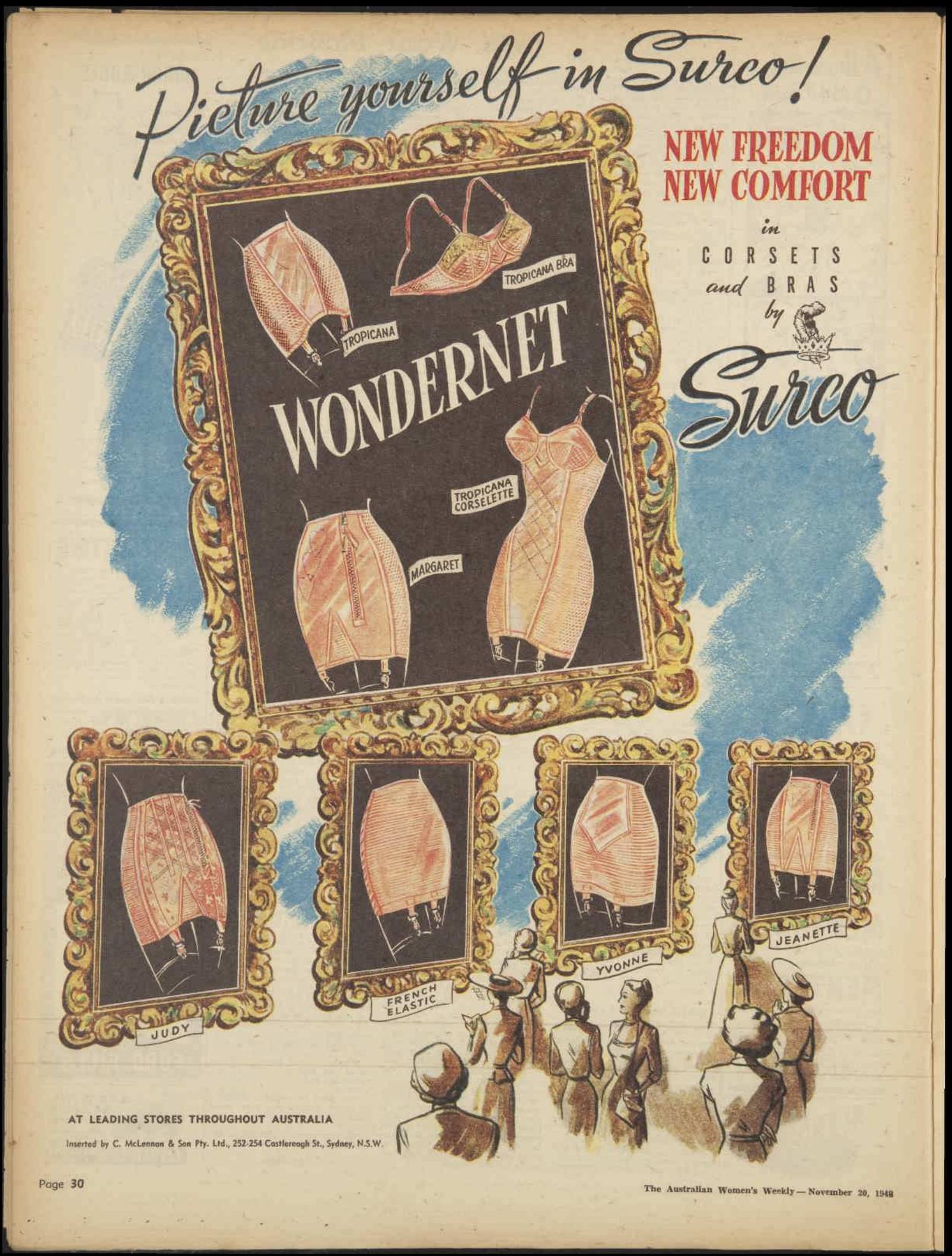
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Please make a second color choice

Plan a pretty wave

By CAROLYN EARLE, Our Beauty Expert

THOSE who are contemplating a permanent wave to help them through end-of-the-year festivities should make sure their hair is ready for the process.

Everyone wants a pretty wave that looks natural, behaves amiably, and stands up to a certain amount of seasonal hardship.

"That," you could reflect, "is up to the hairdresser." Certainly most of the onus of producing a good wave rests on the operator, but there are some advance preparations which will also help to make a good job of it.

If possible, have your hair waved when you are feeling perfectly fit.

Allow sufficient time for cutting, shaping, and setting to give it a couple of weeks' anti-frizz training before the holidays start.

If that isn't possible, allow time for the curl to loosen and drop to the most becoming length.

If your hair has been ignored, drastically bleached, or carelessly tinted, give it a fresh lease of life before you have it waved.

Dry, oily, or even what appears to be normal hair improves if treated with cream or oil to offset existing troubles or any drying effect of the waving process.

A week or ten days ahead, begin massaging the scalp and hair ends with something suited to the scalp condition.

Among the oils, warmed olive, castor, or peanut oil does wonders for the dry head, and if the hair is bleached the hot oil softens it before re-bleaching.

Oil is applied to the scalp in small sections, then steamed in with a hot towel wrapped turbanwise around the head. Hair creams for dry hair are also available.

Shampoo at least twice during the build-up period with liquid soapless shampoo, liquid soap shampoo, or liquid soap.

The healthiest way to dry the hair is by towel friction topped off with sunlight.

When dry, massage a tiny bit of the hair preparation into the roots, brush briskly to distribute it through the strands, and be rewarded both by improved polish and the better results that will accrue from your perm.

Brushing does not impair a wave, but deepens it, as the hair gains snap and strength because of the increased circulation.

Notice how thoroughly hairdressers brush out a new setting before combing it.

Each night when you brush your hair, coax the curls and waves back into place and secure them with a few pins.

If this is done the head will look more natural, and it will be easier to maintain a well-groomed appearance.

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"I am sending Les. 3 for correction. My article, 'The Sphinx of Ku-ringgai Chase,' which you advised me to send to 'The Bulletin,' was accepted."

"I contribute to 'Smith's Weekly' every week, and receive a monthly cheque for the total."

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"'Women's Weekly' bought my first story ('A Case of Eggs') for £5/5/-."

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Easy Dinners

● New and appetising ways to serve simple pot roasts, beef rolls, and tongues are suggested here, coupled with easily prepared sweets.

By Our Food and Cookery Experts.

CELERY STICKS, separately cooked, make an attractive garnish for seasoned beef rolls, and, with sliced tomato, add flavor. Recipes for the two sweets — harlequin custard jelly and apple custard charlotte—are also given on this page.

ANY of the meat recipes combined with a sweet would make a satisfying family dinner.

Ingredients for several of the dishes may be prepared in advance, assembled and cooked later in the day.

BEEF ROLLS WITH CELERY STICKS

One and a half pounds topside steak, 1½ cups soft breadcrumbs, 1 teaspoon melted butter, 1 dessertspoon chopped parsley, ½ teaspoon dried herbs (or fresh thyme and marjoram), 2 tablespoons grated carrot, 1 dessertspoon chopped onion, pinch grated nutmeg and lemon rind, salt, pepper, 1 egg-yolk, 1 dessertspoon fat, 1½ cups stock or water, 1 tablespoon flour, ½ teaspoon meat extract, 3 or 4 sticks celery, tomato slices and parsley to garnish.

Trim steak, cut into 4in. squares. Combine breadcrumbs, melted butter, parsley, herbs, carrot, onion, nutmeg, lemon rind, salt, pepper, egg-yolk. Mix well, place a small quantity on one half of each piece of steak. Roll up, tie with coarse thread or fine string. Brown well on all sides in hot fat. Drain off excess fat, add stock; cover closely, simmer gently 1½ to 2 hours or until meat is quite tender. Remove string from meat, place on hot serving dish. Thicken liquid with blended flour, simmer 5 minutes. Mix meat extract smoothly with 1 dessertspoon of the gravy, brush over meat rolls. Serve with celery sticks, cut into 5in. lengths, and simmered 15 to 20 minutes in boiling salted water. Garnish with tomato slices and parsley.

HARLEQUIN CUSTARD JELLY

Half packet red jelly crystals, ½ packet green jelly crystals, 1 pint hot water, ¾ pint milk, 3 dessertspoons sugar, 1 teaspoon cornflour, ½ teaspoon vanilla, 2 eggs, 2 level dessertspoons gelatine, ½ cup warm water, strawberries to garnish.

Dissolve red jelly crystals in half the hot water, dissolve green jelly in remaining half. Set red jelly in bottom of wetted mould. Blend cornflour with a little of the milk, add balance of milk and sugar. Stir over heat until boiling, simmer 3 minutes. Cool slightly, add beaten eggs, stir over low heat 3 or 4 minutes without allowing to boil. Cool, add vanilla and gelatine dissolved in warm water. When quite cold (but not set) pour carefully on to set jelly in mould. Allow to become firm. Add green jelly, chill until firm. Unmould on to serving dish, garnish with strawberries.

SAVORY GRILL

One and a half pounds rump steak, 2 tablespoons tomato sauce, 1 dessertspoon Worcestershire sauce, 1 teaspoon butter, ½ teaspoon meat extract, 1 dessertspoon chopped parsley, salt and pepper to taste, squeeze of lemon juice.

Grill steak in usual way. Combine all other ingredients, stir gently over low heat until hot and well mixed. Spread over steak, serve immediately with potato straws, grilled tomato halves, green vegetables.

SALMON AND EGG PATTIES

Eight ounces shortcrust pastry, 1 dessertspoon margarine or butter, 1 tablespoon flour, ½ teaspoon salt, pinch cayenne pepper, 1 cup milk, ½ cup liquor from salmon, 1 tin salmon, 1 level teaspoon grated onion (or chopped shallot), 2 hard-boiled eggs, 1 teaspoon chopped parsley, lemon wedges to garnish.

Roll pastry thinly on floured board. Cut 2-3rds into circles, using 2½in. cutter, cut balance into smaller circles for tops of patties. Line patty tins with larger circles. Melt margarine or butter, add flour. Cook 2 or 3 minutes without browning. Stir in milk, salmon liquor, salt, pepper. Continue stirring until mixture boils. Fold in flaked salmon, onion, chopped hard-boiled eggs, parsley. Three-quarters fill each patty case, moisten edges of pastry. Place tops on, pinch edges well together, cut a small slit in top of each patty. Brush with milk, bake in hot oven (450deg. F. gas, 500 deg. F. electric) 12 to 15 minutes. Serve hot, garnished with lemon wedges.

APPLE CUSTARD CHARLOTTE

Three-quarters cup well-drained stewed apple pulp, fingers of day-old sponge or plain butter cake, 1 pint warm water, 3 heaped tablespoons powdered milk, 2 eggs, 2 tablespoons sugar, vanilla, 1 egg-white and 2 extra tablespoons sugar for meringue, pink coloring, cherries to decorate.

Line sides and bottom of greased ovenware dish with fingers of cake. Spread apple pulp over cake on bottom of dish. Whip powdered milk with warm water, add beaten eggs, sugar, and vanilla. Pour carefully into dish. Stand in tray of warm water, bake in moderate oven (375 deg. F. gas, 425deg. F. electric) until custard is set, 40 to 45 minutes. Whip egg-white to meringue consistency with extra sugar, color pink. Spoon on to pudding, return to very moderate oven to set meringue. Decorate with cherries, serve hot or cold.

LINCOLN POT ROAST

Three or four pounds rump or chuck pot roast, salt, pepper, 1 tablespoon fat, 1 cup water, 2 or 3 tablespoons horseradish sauce, flour to thicken gravy.

Season meat with salt and pepper, brown well on all sides in hot fat. Spread meat with horseradish sauce; add water to pan, cover closely, and cook very gently until meat is quite tender—2½ to 3 hours. Turn meat once or twice during cooking time. Lift meat on to hot serving-dish, add an extra cup of stock or water to pan, thicken with blended flour. Serve gravy in sauceboat.

CASSEROLE OF LAMBS' TONGUES WITH SPINACH

Six cooked lambs' tongues, 2 cups mashed potato, 1 teaspoon butter, 1 dessertspoon finely chopped onion, 1 stiffly beaten egg-white (may be omitted), 1½ cups white sauce, 1 dessertspoon chopped parsley, ¾ cup soft breadcrumbs, 3 cups chopped, cooked spinach, tomato slices.

Skin tongues while still hot, split in halves lengthwise. Beat butter and half the onion into hot mashed potato; fold in stiffly beaten egg-white (or use 1 tablespoon milk). Spread over bottom and sides of greased casserole. Mix tongues with sauce and parsley, place in bottom of prepared casserole. Sprinkle with half the breadcrumbs, combine spinach and balance of onion, add to casserole. Top with remaining crumbs and tomato slices. Bake 25 to 30 minutes in moderate oven until thoroughly reheated. Serve hot.

RHUBARB WITH HONEY TWISTS

One bunch rhubarb, ½ cup water, ¾ cup sugar, 1 teaspoon grated orange rind, 1 level dessertspoon arrowroot or cornflour blended with 2 tablespoons cold water, 4oz. self-raising flour, pinch salt, 1 dessertspoon sugar, 1 dessertspoon margarine or butter, ½ teaspoon grated lemon rind, 4 tablespoons milk, 1 tablespoon honey.

Wash rhubarb, cut into 1in. lengths. Place sugar, water, and orange rind into saucepan, bring to boil. Add rhubarb, simmer gently 5 minutes. Lift rhubarb into greased ovenware dish; thicken syrup with blended arrowroot or cornflour, pour over rhubarb. Sift flour and salt, rub in shortening, add sugar and lemon rind. Mix to a soft dough with milk and honey. Turn on to floured board, roll to 1in. thickness. Roll up, cut into 1in. slices, place on top of rhubarb. Brush with milk. Bake in hot oven (450deg. F. gas, 500deg. F. electric) 12 to 15 minutes. Serve hot with custard.

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Consolation prize recipes in our £2000 cookery contest

IN last week's issue, the list of one hundred consolation prize winners in our £2000 Cookery Contest was published on this page.

Every winner receives a cash prize of £2.

Here are some of the prizewinning recipes. Others will be published in our special cookery book, which will be available shortly.

N.B.—All spoon measurements are level.

SPICED APPLECAKE

Half cup sugar, 1 egg, 3oz. margarine or butter, 5oz. self-raising flour, pinch salt, 1 cup well-drained stewed apple pulp, 1½ teaspoons cinnamon, ½ teaspoon grated lemon rind, 1 egg-white, 1 tablespoon sugar, 1½ tablespoons coconut.

Beat egg, gradually add sugar, beat 3 or 4 minutes. Pour into sifted flour and salt, add melted shortening. Mix to a stiff dough. Turn on to greased greaseproof paper, pat to oblong shape, leaving at least 3in. of paper free at one end. Mix apple pulp with cinnamon and lemon rind, spread over half the mixture—nearest free end of paper. Holding corners of paper (not cake, which is very short), fold other half over apple mixture. Peel back paper, pinch edges of cake together firmly. Cut off surplus paper, leaving piece under cake. Lift carefully on to slab tin. Bake in moderate oven (375deg. F. gas, 425deg. F. electric) 20 to 25 minutes. Quickly spread top with coconut meringue made by beating egg-white stiffly with sugar, then adding coconut. Return to oven for further 10 to 15 minutes. Serve not with custard, cream, or ice-cream.

Consolation Prize of £2 to Mrs. N. Tanner, 14 Swan St., East Guildford, W.A.

GINGER AND PEANUT CREAM CAKE

Four ounces margarine or butter, ½ teaspoon grated lemon rind, 1 cup castor sugar, 3 eggs, ½ cup milk, 2 cups self-raising flour, pinch salt.

Filling: One tablespoon margarine or butter, 4 tablespoons icing sugar, 1 teaspoon ground ginger, 1 dessertspoon peanut butter.

Cream shortening with lemon rind and sugar. Add eggs one at a time, beating well after each addition. Fold in sifted flour and salt, alternately with milk. Turn into greased 7in. cake-tin. Bake in moderate oven (375deg. F. gas, 425deg. F. electric) 45 to 50 minutes. Turn on to cake-cooler, while still hot brush top with a little extra peanut butter, slightly warmed. When cold split and spread with ginger peanut filling.

Filling: Cream margarine with icing sugar and ginger sifted together. Gradually beat in peanut butter, adding a few drops of milk if necessary to make a smooth, creamy filling.

Consolation Prize of £2 to Mrs. I. Coleman, 2 Broughton St., Paddington, N.S.W.

VIENNESE CHOCOLATE CAKE

Three ounces dark chocolate, 3oz. margarine or butter, ¾ cup milk, 1 egg, 3oz. sugar, 6oz. flour, 2 teaspoons baking powder, pinch salt, ½ teaspoon bicarbonate soda, vanilla.

Topping and Icing: Four ounces dates, 1 tablespoon water, 1 dessertspoon dried milk powder, ½ teaspoon rum, 2 tablespoons milk, 2 dessertspoons cocoa, 3 tablespoons sugar, 1 dessertspoon margarine or butter, ½ teaspoon vanilla.

Place broken chocolate and 1oz. of the shortening in saucepan with milk. Cook over very low heat until smooth. Turn into bowl, add beaten egg, balance of margarine, and sugar. Beat until very smooth. Fold in sifted dry ingredients, then vanilla. Turn into well-greased 7in. or 8in. cake-tin. Bake in moderate oven (375deg. F. gas, 425deg. F. electric) 1 to 1¼ hours. When cold, top with date mixture, coat all over with chocolate icing, decorate with nuts.

Topping and Icing: Chop dates, simmer with water until soft, beat to a pulp. Add dried milk and rum, beat until smooth. Spread over top of cake. Allow to stand while preparing icing. Blend cocoa with milk, stir over low heat 2 or 3 minutes. Add sugar, cook 5 minutes longer. Beat in butter and vanilla; continue beating until cooled to lukewarm. Pour over cake, decorate with nuts. Keep at least 1 day before cutting.

Consolation Prize of £2 to Mrs. C. Germann, 33 May St., North Fitzroy N7, Vic.

FRUITY CUSTARD MERINGUE

Two ounces margarine or butter, 2oz. sugar, ½ teaspoon vanilla, 1 egg, 1 cup coconut, ¾ cup self-raising flour, ½ teaspoon salt, 1 cup cooked fruit pulp (apricots for preference), 1 cup medium thickness boiled egg custard (made with 2 egg-yolks), 2 egg-whites, 4 tablespoons sugar for meringue, ½ teaspoon grated lemon rind.

Cream shortening with sugar and vanilla. Add beaten egg, mix well. Fold in coconut, then sifted flour and salt. Spread mixture in well-greased ovenware dish. Bake in moderate oven (375deg. F. gas, 425deg. F. electric) 15 to 20 minutes. Spread top with fruit pulp, spoon custard over gently. Beat egg-whites to meringue consistency with sugar, add lemon-rind. Pile roughly over top of pudding, completely covering surface. Return to very moderate oven until meringue is set and lightly browned. Serve hot or cold.

Consolation Prize of £2 to Mrs. A. Mecklen, Sport St., Kedron, Qld.

LAMB AND PARSNIP FLUFF

Three cups mashed cooked parsnip, salt and cayenne pepper to taste, 1 egg, 1½ cups minced cooked lamb, 1 dessertspoon chopped onion, 1 tablespoon chopped parsley, 2 dessertspoons diced parboiled red pepper, 1½ cups white sauce, ½ cup soft breadcrumbs, 1 dessertspoon margarine or butter, 1 tablespoon grated cheese, tomato and parsley to garnish.

Whip beaten egg into mashed parsnip, season with salt and cayenne. Line bottom and sides of greased ovenware dish with parsnip mixture. Combine meat, onion, parsley, red pepper, white sauce. Turn into prepared dish. Top with breadcrumbs mixed with melted margarine or butter and cheese. Bake in moderate oven (375deg. F. gas, 425deg. F. electric) 25 to 30 minutes until thoroughly heated and lightly browned on top. Garnish with tomato slices and parsley. Serve hot.

Consolation Prize of £2 to Mrs. V. Dimmock, "Grandview," Adam St., West Maitland, N.S.W.

TOMATOES TARTARE

Six medium-sized tomatoes, ½lb. sausage meat, ½ clove of garlic, ½ teaspoon salt, 1 tablespoon margarine or butter, 1 teaspoon sugar, 1 teaspoon mustard, 2 hard-boiled eggs, 1 raw egg, 4 dessertspoons vinegar, 1 dessertspoon condensed milk, 1 teaspoon chopped parboiled red pepper, 1 teaspoon chopped gherkin.

Wash and dry tomatoes, cut a slice from top of each. Scoop out half pulp, reserve for future use. Dust cases lightly with salt and pepper. Place sausage meat and finely minced garlic in small saucepan, stir over heat 5 to 8 minutes. Fill into tomato cases, bake in moderate oven 20 to 25 minutes. Prepare sauce. Chop hard-boiled egg, mash finely with a fork, adding margarine or butter, sugar, mustard, salt to taste. Beat egg, gradually add warmed vinegar, stir over boiling water until mixture coats a silver spoon. Remove from heat, quickly beat in condensed milk. Add hard-boiled egg mixture, reheat and fold in red pepper and gherkin. Spoon over hot tomatoes, serve immediately.

Consolation Prize of £2 to Mrs. J. Bilton, 51 Lascelles St., Braidwood, N.S.W.

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Innoxa beauty preparations

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Mrs. Kasenkina's story

Continued from page 28

TO myself I kept saying, "This is hard work, but at least you're out of Soviet hands."

The inmates began to eye me suspiciously. Every evening they would gather on the verandah and engage in political discussions.

I did not participate in them, true to Miss Tolstoy's instructions. My silence gave rise to significant glances.

There were many in the assemblage who did not speak the democratic language of Mark Weinbaum, of the "*Novoye Russkoye Slovo,*" the Russian newspaper, or of Zenzinov, or of Miss Tolstoy herself.

These people had inspired me with confidence because of their liberalism. My dream has always been a democratic Russia.

I was now forced to listen mostly to talk of a restoration of the monarchy after the collapse of the Soviet regime. This antediluvian palaver grated upon me, but I could not answer it.

Then there was constant bickering and wrangling among the habitues of the institution. Everybody watched everybody else.

Quarrels over petty matters were common. Those who had titles or rank in the long ago demanded privileged treatment.

The atmosphere around me grew more icy every day. There was eavesdropping and finally unconcealed whispering in my path.

When I retired at night, and it was during a cold spell, I would lie on the porch chilled to the bone and racked by insomnia.

This seemed so unlike the America I had yearned to discover.

My unhappiness gave way to despair when I spotted one day the Soviet Consul's black limousine not far from the farm and his fat chauffeur, Semashko, sitting on a bench some distance away.

I was ridiculed for "seeing things" when I reported this, but I am convinced I was right.

From many remarks dropped later at the Consulate, I am confirmed in the belief that the Soviet sleuths had detailed inside knowledge of the Tolstoy Foundation farm.

By Wednesday, August 4, my situation became most trying. Everybody was looking daggers at me.

I was made to feel that beneath my assumed name was lurking a Soviet agent.

That evening the manager of the institution, Moussin-Pushkin, called me into his office and began to shout at me:

"Register! No one can stay here overnight without registering."

I thought that my status had been settled by Miss Tolstoy, but was helpless in the face of Moussin-Pushkin's stormy scene.

"Was I in a madhouse or was I going mad?" I was asking myself again and again.

Did I escape from Soviet surveillance to be suspected of being a Soviet spy?

Impulsively, I dashed off a letter to the Soviet Consul-General which, contrary to all reports, I did not show to anyone.

I left the farm and walked down the road, stopping the first car going in the direction of town.

I handed the letter and half-a-dollar to the motorist, requesting him to post it for me. The stranger was good enough to give me back 47 cents in change.

When I returned to the kitchen, after the car carrying my letter had vanished, I felt pangs of remorse, although I did not fully realise to what extent that letter would haunt me.

I did not dream that my letter to the Soviet Consul-General would result in a raid on the Tolstoy Foundation farm to get me and would bring Ambassador Panyushkin to New York to take charge of my case, leading to an international incident.

In panic, she writes to Consul

I was in a panic when I had penned that fateful letter to the Consul. My failure to sail on the Pobeda was tantamount to treason, a capital crime in Soviet Russia.

Most of my possesions had been shipped home, my savings were nearly gone. I had no American friends. And my shelter among the Russian refugees was collapsing about me.

These were the circumstances under which I wrote the controversial letter to the Consulate.

I followed the approved Soviet pattern for transgressors, made familiar by the confessions in the great purge, of paying homage to the regime and its representatives.

I knew that this was the only way to save my life if I were to be returned to Russia.

I wrote that what happened had to be, that I loved my country and my people, that I was not a traitor, and that I had always hated traitors.

I emphasised that I had committed no crime against the government and that I had remained loyal to it while living under capitalism abroad.

I recalled the fact that my father was a workingman, and that I had never acted against the regime and the dictatorship of the proletariat.

To open a door back home, I felt that I could not omit a profession of loyalty to the dictatorship.

I went on to describe the campaign of ostracism against me, how I had been persecuted, how my pupils were incited against me, how I was labelled before them as a thief, all the indignities that had been heaped upon me in the schools, and the fears I felt over my missing son.

It had been hinted to me that I would lose my position as a teacher in Russia. I complained, but the Consul would not even receive me.

After doing obeisance to the Consul-General as the representative of my Government, I closed with the statement that my will had been broken and with the plea not to let me perish.

I thought that I would strike a human chord in the consular officials, who had once valued me as an able teacher, and that my letter would serve as a bridge to my country.

It was a foolish notion which, in my suicidal mood, did not seem so unreal. All that I expected from my letter was a reply by mail.

The following day I telephoned Mr. Zenzinov and arranged to meet him on Sunday.

I intended to pour out my heart to him and seek his advice, although I realised that his material condition would not allow him to be of much help to me.

But fate willed otherwise.

Early Saturday afternoon, while I was in the kitchen shelling eggs, I was dumbfounded to find Consul Lomakin, Vice-Consul Chepurnykh, and Anastasia Trofimova, Chief Clerk of the Consulate, appear at my side. The blood drained out of me.

"We have the police with us!" he announced. "Dear Oksana Stepanovna, I got you letter. Come, come with us quick."

Sun mattress for lounging . . .

MADE of canvas, backed with plastic material, the mattress illustrated is ideal for sun-bathing and makes deck-chairs and cane lounges more comfortable.

Rolled up tightly, the mattress, which is not heavy, can be carried under your arm to the beach, where its plastic underside is a protection against damp sand.

TIED to a deck-chair, this easily made mattress provides additional comfort.

As a Christmas gift it would be assured of a delighted welcome.

Materials: 1½yds. canvas or duck, 36in. wide; 1½yd. 36in. wide plastic material; 27yds. 1in. wide braid; 3lb. pure kapok; extra strong sewing cotton.

To make: Cut a 13in. length from the width of your plastic material, giving you a piece 1½yds. long by 23in. wide. With a piece of chalk mark the 1½yds. into 4in. divisions—you'll get fifteen 4in. divisions with 3in. over at one end. Tack braid over the 4in. chalk line divisions across the width of the plastic.

From the 13in. strip of material you cut off, cut a piece 23in. by 13in. and join to the end of the 1½yds. length, overlapping the last 3in. and making the join under the 15th row of braid.

Allowing 1in. turn, divide the remaining 12in. of the mattress into three, covering with braid in the same way. This makes the base.

Cut canvas to match the plastic material, making a similar join to give you the extra length. Press this seam. Place canvas to the plastic material, wrong sides facing, and tack.

Using the braid on the plastic side as a guide, stitch down the edges of braid, giving you two rows of stitching down each 4in. division.

Tack braid as a border round three sides of canvas, then round plastic side of mattress, leaving one long side open to stuff.

Fold two 24in. lengths of braid in half and insert folded ends 3in. in from the edges, between the braid border, on one short side of the mattress. These are for tying on to your stool.

ROLLED UP, the mattress is light and easy to carry.

Fold two 1½yd. lengths in half and stitch folded ends to the other short side of mattress to wrap round for carrying.

Stitch braid border into position, but if the canvas has frayed neaten the edge before you stitch along the edge of the braid.

Fill all 4in. pockets with kapok, stuffing each well but not too tightly. Stitch down the last side, finishing with the border of braid.

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... nearing the crisis

MIKHAIL SAMARIN, another Russian schoolteacher who disappeared with wife and children.

When I climbed the stairs to the porch to get my things, Countess Tolstoy attempted to prevent the raiders from entering.

"Don't go. They'll shoot you!" she cried in distress.

"If they shoot me, it may be the best end for me," I replied.

Lomakin had indicated to me that there was another car in his party, bringing the police along.

There was nothing for me to do but to pack my grip and fetch my briefcase from upstairs.

I had time to destroy an article I had written for the anti-Communist Russian newspaper.

There was no struggle over me and no battle, such as Consul Lomakin was reported to have mentioned to the Press.

The pleas of Countess Tolstoy and Mrs. Knutson did arouse some disturbance among the inmates.

When I was escorted to the Consul's car and put next to the fat Semashko, the chauffeur at the wheel, some threats were hurled at the raiders.

A couple of stones were thrown after the automobile as it sped away, but without causing any damage.

The Consulate's station waggon, I learned from the conversation with a group of additional men, had apparently fallen behind.

On the way back to New York I was asked no questions. Chepurnykh was boasting how he got into the house without his identity being suspected.

"I wasn't taking any chances of having my neck wrung," he laughed, "so I announced myself as Samarin."

There was an outburst of hilarity at Chepurnykh's clever trick.

That the impersonation worked did not surprise me, as Chepurnykh could be taken for Samarin. Both are strapping blond men.

It was clear, however, that the Soviet officials expected real resistence, and they were pleased at the success of the ruse and the ease with which they had carried off their quarry.

Only later, when I was already at the Consulate, did I learn that instead of having the police on their side, the station waggon with the Soviet officials had been stopped by the police after Countess Tolstoy had sounded an alarm over my seizure.

Upon inspection of the consular papers, the car and its occupants were permitted to proceed.

Although it may not be correct to describe my seizure as an abduction, I know that I would not have chosen the Soviet Consulate as my abode of my own free will.

It seemed to me that my salvation lay in not resisting Lomakin's party.

In less than an hour we were at the Soviet Consulate.

How great was my surprise when I was led upstairs and ushered into the presence of Ambassador Panyushkin himself.

He had obviously been waiting for his boys to bring the catch home. It was a portent of things to come.

That the international spotlight would be turned on me, that I would be represented to the world as the protagonist of a bizarre plot, and that I would find myself a prisoner in the Soviet Consulate, all within the span of a single afternoon, were inconceivable to me after I left the farm of the Tolstoy Foundation.

Upon my arrival at the Consulate, I was taken up to the study of Consul-General Lomakin on the third floor. There was a man in the room I had never seen before.

Lomakin introduced him: "This is our Ambassador."

I looked directly at Panyushkin and saw deep satisfaction written on his face at the sight of the quarry.

He greeted me coldly. Yet hope stirred within me as he said:

"What a pity you didn't try to see me before. Didn't you know the Soviet Government had an ambassador in Washington? Why didn't you come to me in the first place?"

At last, I thought, here was a humane Soviet official who would listen to my grievances and would understand my plight, even my worries over my missing son.

I was prepared to hear him reproach me for concealing the fact that my husband had been purged and for my failure to sail back home on the scheduled boat.

I began to tell Ambassador Panyushkin of the persecution to which I had been subjected during my two years in the United States at the hands of the school and consular authorities, adding that I had never committed any crime.

I mentioned that I had become the butt of all the party members around the school because of my constant anxiety over my son.

"And where is your son?", the Ambassador asked.

When I told him that I had last heard of my boy on January 12, 1942, as reported "missing in action," he said laughingly: "Perhaps your son really is still alive."

The Ambassador made no offer to have the Army records checked or to help me in any way in my search for information about my son. Instead, he cut the interview short.

"We can't bother with such things now," he interrupted. "We have to expose the Tolstoy Foundation and find out where the Samarins are."

Lomakin and Vice-Consul Chepurnykh then took me in hand.

Lomakin pointed to an adjoining room, the door of which was open, and said: "This will be your room."

I had noticed a cot in it, which seemed out of place in an office with three telephones, and decided that preparations had been made in advance to put me up there.

I realised that I would not be free to select a residence of my own choice, and was filled with apprehension that the room on the third floor would become my cell.

My passport was taken up and examined. I never saw it again. Lomakin informed me that I would soon meet the representatives of the American Press.

"You will tell them how you were kidnapped," he added. I reflected that since I was apparently in the hands of kidnappers, how could I possibly stand up against them now?

When asked about my relations with Countess Tolstoy, I emphatically declared that she had had nothing to do with the planning which brought me to her farm.

I made up my mind that the name of the woman who had suffered so much from Soviet tyranny and was sacrificing herself for the Russian displaced persons must not be involved in the affair.

"Who did help you?" Chepurnykh asked. "We know all your friends and the people you met."

THEN he brought up the name of "Gostello" or "Leo Costello" which I had once jotted down on a scrap of paper which had probably been picked up by Porojniakov.

As the reader already knows, it belonged to a casual acquaintance who frequented the same Central Park neighborhood that I did, and was probably not even his real name.

"Tell them that the marks on your arm were made by Costello," Lomakin instructed me to say to the reporters.

"We'll make a national heroine out of you in the Soviet Union," Chepurnykh said.

He tried to buoy me up as he wormed out of me the name of "Dr. Korzhinsky," my other chance acquaintance who had introduced himself to me on Riverside Drive as a compatriot from the Ukraine under the name of Kojansky.

In the course of the interrogation, when I was already in a state of exhaustion, I described how I met Vladimir Zenzinov, who took me to the Tolstoy Foundation farm, and told of my unhappiness there.

Chepurnykh then suggested that I rewrite my original letter to the Consulate.

I balked at his dictation after I had started the new version with the same beginning, "What happened had to be."

I was unyielding when I realised that what Lomakin and Chepurnykh wanted was a completely new version of my letter, in which I would declare in writing that I had been kidnapped by White Guards, who had drugged me first, and taken me against my will to the Tolstoy Foundation farm.

Chepurnykh also dinned into my ears that the new letter must be short, to be exhibited to the Press, and must include some tribute by me to "the great Stalin, the leader of my beloved fatherland."

I would not budge, and dropped the pen. Hurriedly, Chepurnykh then outlined to me the highlights of the story that I was to give to the Press downstairs.

It was a nightmarish concoction of a plot which only N.K.V.D. minds could invent.

The design sketched by Chepurnykh teamed together two total strangers who had never met, "Leo Costello" and Dr. "Korzhinsky," and entangled them with Vladimir Zenzinov and Countess Tolstoy, who had never heard of their existence.

The marks on my arm suddenly assumed enormous importance. I was told that photographers would be present, and that these spots would be material evidence of great consequence.

I protested that they hardly showed and that they were meaningless, anyhow, as I did not know their origin. All my protestations were brushed aside peremptorily.

I realised that I was in a trap. Lomakin, Chepurnykh, and their aides were rehearsing the story with me, and kept briefing me on how to behave and what to say in answer to questions.

I was to take the lead from them and do as little talking as possible, so as to give my interpreters the opportunity to explain what had happened.

As I was led downstairs to face a battery of reporters, in a condition of suppressed hysteria, Chepurnykh warned me ominously: "Watch your step!"

NEXT WEEK

● *In her final instalment Mrs. Kasenkina describes the crisis in her life which led to her leap from the Consulate window and focused world attention on Soviet treatment of its own citizens.*

BABY'S FIRST CLOTHES

By SISTER MARY JACOB, Our Mothercraft Nurse.

BE practical in your choice of baby's clothes. See that they are simple and attractive, but comfortable. They should be easy to wash, dry, and iron, so that you can conserve your own time and strength, and warm but light, easy to slip on and off the baby, so that too much handling is avoided.

Paper patterns of a simple, practical, and complete layette can be obtained from The Australian Women's Weekly Mothercraft Service Bureau, Scottish House, 19 Bridge Street, Sydney. Price of patterns, 3/6 per set (postage free).

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Be attractive while you're active

We call her suit "Glamorous You". Featured in five exotic ***Velva-sheen*** prints. Contour control is knitted in to this fabric of Lastex, cotton and rayon. Adjustable shoulder straps. Concealed draw cord in back. *Patterns: Water Nymph, Aloha, Tutti Frutti, Moonflower, Poinciana. Price* 49/6.

Beauty and the Beach . . . and Jantzen's ***Velva-Sheen*** *or* ***Wisp-o-Sheen*** rippling over the loveliness of each beauty. The sun shines like sequins on these Jantzen fabrics wet or dry. Each fabric so supple — and with contour control that fits you more smoothly than your skin. So, be attractive while you're active in your Jantzen . . . keeping in mind that Jantzen glamor now comes in shorts, shirts and slacks as well!

Velva-Sheen looks equally rapturous in plain colours. Here you see it in Jantzen's "Curvaceous" suit. Perfectly styled bra construction adds a new look to this superbly simple suit for the most active swimmer. Concealed draw cord in back ensures perfect individual fit. *Colors: Grotto Green, Black, Silver, Rio Red, Brighton Blue, Hawaiian Royal. Price* 45/6.

Jantzen

Obtainable only from Retail Stores.

Jantzen's ever-popular "Panelle" design in ***Wisp-o-Sheen*** is featured in this smart quarter skirt suit. Cross over bra deftly separates and moulds the bust. Deep V back for ample sun exposure. Adjustable shoulder straps. *Colors: Camellia Red, Gem Blue, Royal, Tropic Green, Black, Aloha Aqua. Price* 31/6

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1117

1118

1119

1120

NEEDLEWORK NOTIONS . . .

No. 1117.—SET OF SEVEN GUEST TOWELS

The design is traced on good quality white huckaback, also linen, in white or cream, and sheer linen in pale blue, pale pink, lemon, or green.

Sizes: Each towel measures 17in. by 22in. Huckaback, 3/11 each; linen, 5/3 each. Postage each, 3½d. extra. Set of seven towels in huckaback, 26/9. Set of seven towels in linen, 35/11. Postage each, 10½d. extra.

No. 1118.—PEG BAG

The design is traced, ready to machine and embroider. The material is pink, lemon, or green cotton. Finish with an extra row of machine stitching on the outside when bag is sewn up. Bag measures 11in. by 11in. when finished. Price, 2/3. Postage, 3½d. extra.

No. 1119.—LAUNDRY BAG

The design is traced on pink, lemon, or green cotton, ready to make up and embroider. Finish with a row of blanket stitching in a contrasting color.

Bag measures 17in. by 24in. Price, 3/11. Postage, 4½d. extra.

No 1120.—POT-HOLDERS AND BAG

The set consists of two holders and bag. The material is pink, lemon, or green cotton, ready to make up and embroider. Line the holders with cotton-wool or other thick material. Sizes: Holders measure 7in. x 7in., and the bag 7in. x 7in. Price 3/3, complete set. Postage 4½d. extra.

Nos. 1121 and 1122.—TWO DAINTY APRONS

The pattern and embroidery design are clearly traced on cotton voile in white, pale green, lemon, sky-blue, or pink. Price 3/11 each. Postage 4½d. extra.

PLEASE NOTE: When ordering Needlework Notions Nos. 1117, 1118, 1119, 1120, 1121, 1122, make a second color choice. C.O.D. orders not accepted.

1121

1122

Fashion PATTERNS

F5320

F5321

F5322

F5323

F5324

F5320.—A low-necked one-piece, a perfect dress for summer weather. Sizes, 32in. to 38in. bust. Requires 3½yds. 36in. material. Price, 1/11.

F5321.—A pretty summer maternity dress. Sizes, 32in. to 38in. bust. Requires 5yds. 36in. material. Price, 1/11.

F5322.—Lace-trimmed nightgown and matching jacket. Sizes, 32in. to 38in. bust. Requires 4½yds. 36in. material, and ½yd. 36in. lace. Price, 2/8.

F5323.—One-piece for plain and printed material. Sizes 32in. to 38in. bust. Requires 1½yds. 36in. material, and 2½yds. 36in. contrast. Price, 1/11.

F5324.—Four-piece layette. Requires 4½yds. 36in. material. Price, 3/6.

TO ORDER: Needlework Notions and Fashion Patterns may be obtained from our Pattern Department. If ordering by mail, send to address given on page 31.

PAIN you can't "explain"

Blessed New Relief for girls who suffer every month

WHEN pain, headache and muscular cramps are so bad that you can hardly drag your legs along . . . and you feel that all you want to do is sit down and cry . . . *why don't you try a couple of Myzone tablets* with water or a cup of tea.

They bring complete, immediate, *safe* relief from period pain, backache and sick-feeling—*without the slightest "doping."* Nurses who used to suffer the most exhausting, dragging pain every month—and business girls who dreaded making mistakes because of "foggy" mind—say Myzone relief is quicker, more lasting than anything else they've known.

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